ZANE GREY WESTERN

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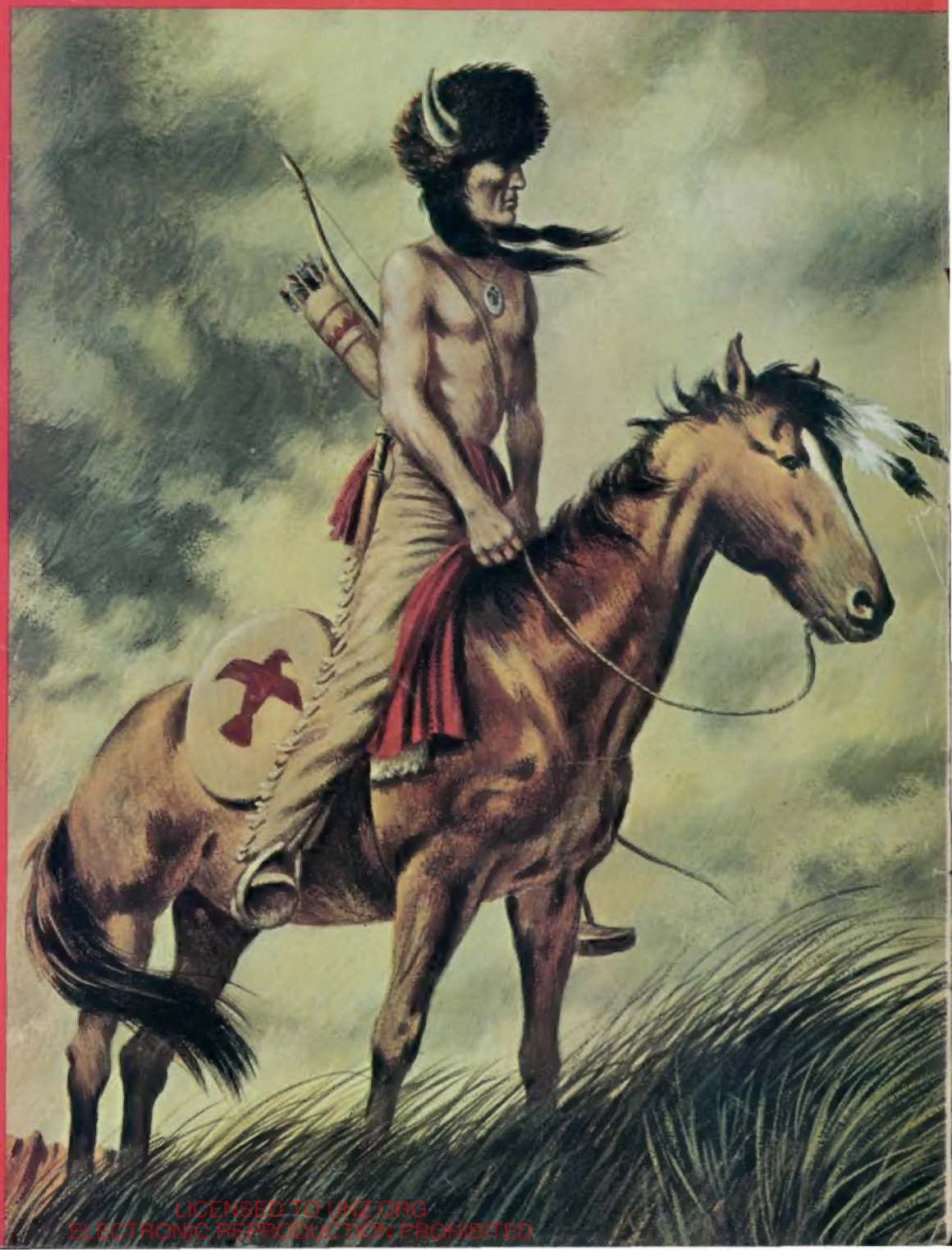
AT LONG LAST — COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

AMBER'S MIRAGE

A Classic Tale of Danger and Adventure in the Golden West

by **ZANE GREY**



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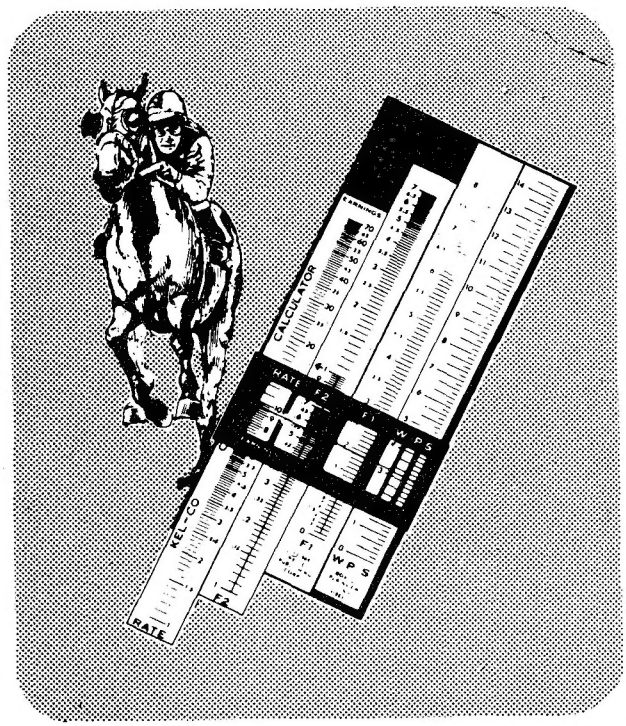

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DECEMBER. 1973 Vol. 5, No. 5

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AMBER'S MIRAGE ..... ZANE GREY

We are proud to bring you in this issue one of Zane Grey's finest stories. Of the countless tales which Zane Grey produced, many have, for one reason or another, been overlooked—some of these works by America's master of western prose have never been collected in either an anthology or reprinted in any other form. Just such a "lost" story is this tale of Crawford and his young sidekick, Al Shade. . .Danger awaited the two men who set off into the arid wastes of Northern Mexico's desert—danger and death. For the old man used to its risks, the three hills for which he searched meant wealth and freedom. For his young companion, it was the adventure of a lifetime, and his only chance to win the girl he loved. Only one of the two men would return from the Empire of the Sun. 33

NEW TRUE WESTERN FACT ARTICLES

MAJOR SAVAGE'S BARRELS OF GOLD ..... by Maurice Kildare 4

MASSACRE AT CUTTHROAT GAP ..... by Warren O'Riley 10

ROBBERY OF THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS ..... by Gladwell Richardson 14

GUNS OF THE PIONEERS ..... by John Haines 22

DEATH UNDER THE NEEDLE'S EYE ..... by John Cody 28

THE MURDERING FIEND ..... by Calico Jones 50

KILLER MUSTANGS ..... by Ed Earl Repp 60

NEW THRILL-PACKED FICTION

THE FIGHTING FRIEND ..... by Tom Curry 19

THE FASTER BULLET ..... by G. M. Farley 31

TEXAS TALL ..... by Jeff Jefferis 55

TOO ORNERY TO DIE ..... by Mathew Miner 63

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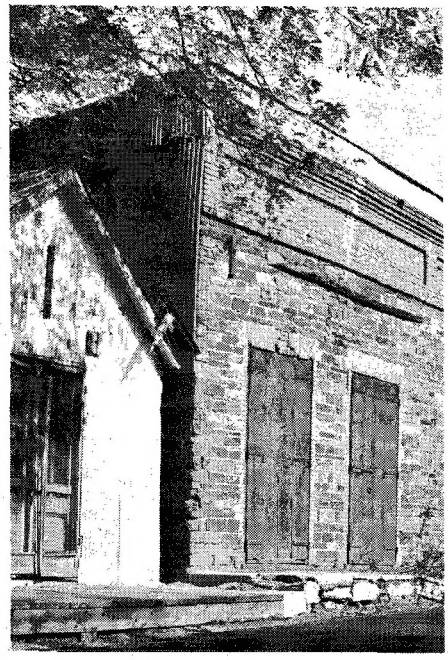
MAJOR SAVAGE'S BARRELS OF GOLD

BY MAURICE KILDARE

From the authenticated files of the man who dares tell the truth about lost treasure.

THE MAJOR LEFT BIG OAK FLAT EXPECTING TO RETURN—HE DIDN'T COUNT ON A BULLET PREVENTING HIM FROM COLLECTING HIS HIDDEN HORDE OF GOLD NUGGETS—BARRELS OF THEM.



Big Oak Flat (above) may hold the secret to the Major's hidden barrels of gold.

Homer Korrer (above) fought deadly odds to find the Major's treasure.

WHEN THE iron rod hit wood and broke through, the point plainly indicating something inside, Homer Korrer *knew* he had found one of Major James D. Savage's barrels of gold.

Excitement held him enthralled for a few minutes. He had been searching for this treasure a long time. Only twenty-six years old, he had spent the last three years checking out rumors and hunting the facts about the Major's horde of gold.

After many calculations, he had narrowed the location down to what amounted to one small acre of ground one hundred yards behind where Savage's trading post once stood in the wilderness.

Because of hard ground composition beneath the heavy grass sod, searching that one plot cost the six foot tall, handsome young man three weeks of heavy labor in June, 1907. Time after time the rod could not be pushed down for buried rocks stymmied him. Rock after rock was dug out and the rod shoved deeper, only to discover nothing.

Curiously, when Korrer did strike the right place, nothing impeded the probe. It went down fourteen inches. With power applied it punched through what was certainly wood into particles that moved away like grease.

Rising after resting a short time, Korrer used pick and shovel and soon was exposing the rotted top of an oak keg. The smallness of the top was disappointing.

Digging around the keg, whose staves were still intact, he got it out of the ground. It was a whiskey keg, about two and a half gallons capacity. There was no gold dust in it, but it was about half filled with nuggets of the yellow metal.

All excitement gone, Korrer stood and

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The famed Maurice Kildare, whose lifelong search for facts about lost treasures and hidden mines has led him into booming cities and desolate wastes, personally authenticates every lost treasure story he writes.

swore feelingly. After years of meticulous searching, he had found only a *keg* of Savage's purported *barrels* of gold.

That night in camp half a mile up the creek he told himself that he wasn't even half smart. All the stories he ever heard concerning Savage's buried gold held that it had been put away in barrels. Like many others, Korrer had naturally supposed this meant flour barrels.

It only now struck him that at the time Savage cached his enormous amount of gold, flour barrels were not available in the mountainous country. A fifty-gallon flour barrel couldn't be packed over mountain trails and there were then no wagon roads to haul it in. But whiskey in the smaller size kegs was brought in by mule or horse packers.

The story of Savage's great golden hoard was an old one and wide spread.

James D. Savage came to California with John C. Fremont on his first expedition. He remained and became a member of Fremont's Volunteer California Battalion during the Mexican war of 1846.

After the war, he worked a few months for John A. Sutter at Sutter's Mill. In 1848 he placer-mined on the Tuolumne River and had a number of Indians helping him.

The following year he pushed on south, establishing several trading posts in what was then still a wilderness.

The first of his posts was at Big Oak Flat on Piney Creek north of the Merced River; it was originally known as

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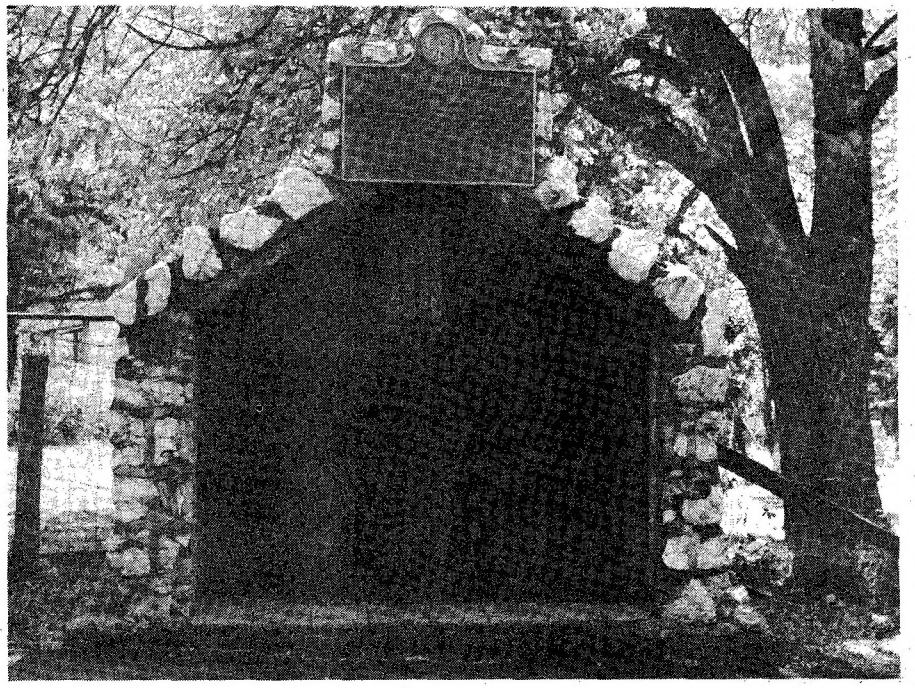


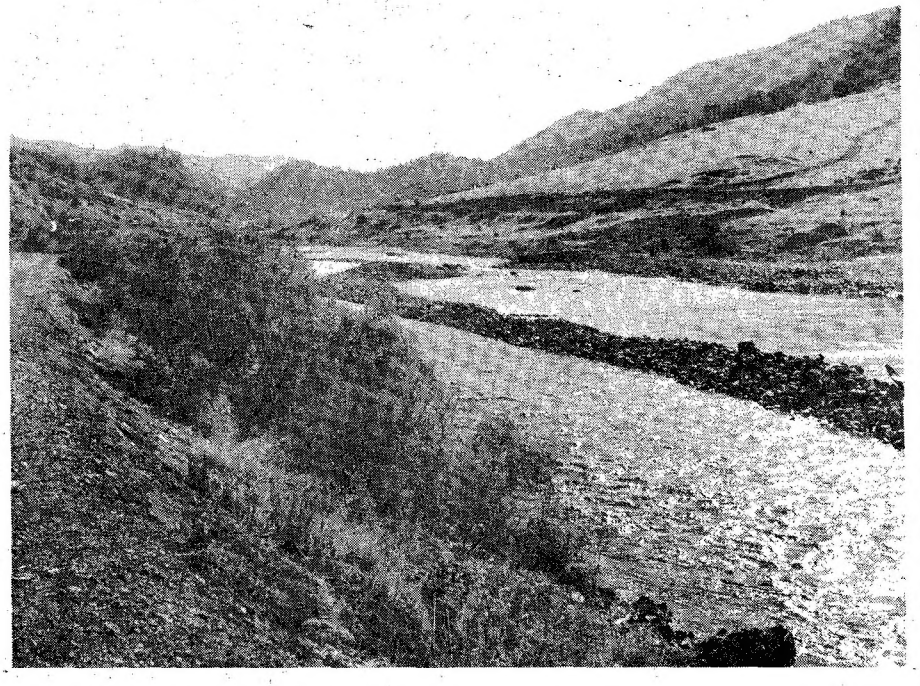
Korrer believed the oak stump in this barred shack was the starting point in any search for the nugget-filled barrels.

Savage's Diggings. A second was built at the mouth of the South Fork of the Merced. Thereafter, he established a third on lower Agua Fria Creek, and a fourth on the Fresno River.

Though authorities disagree on the exact number of Indian princesses Savage married, it is known that at Big Oak Flat Savage maintained at least eight wives in log cabins a short distance behind the stockade post.

At this period he was described as being twenty-eight years old, handsome, medium in size, very muscular, tanned of skin and with dark brown hair hanging to his shoulders.

In addition to his women he also maintained about two hundred fifty Indians of several tribes. These Indians were mostly his wives' relatives and the immediate families of those hired. They caught salmon in the river to supply the post and themselves. It was on the Merced and tributary streams they found and brought him the large nuggets of gold. One that Savage exhibited and apparently sold weighed an amazing reported forty six pounds.



A secretive man, the Major may have buried his gold by the Merced River (above)—not far from where his Indian friends gathered it!

Big Oak Flat, named for a tree eleven feet in diameter at the base, occupied the central area where great placer discoveries would soon be made. The Indians had known where the gold beds were for many years but disclosed nothing to any white man except Savage. He did not mine them himself, which further impressed the Indians that he did not covet the yellow metal.

The Indians did not bother with "dust", gathering only the large pieces out of the gravel and sand that could be picked up with the fingers. When they brought it in it was poured into a handy barrel under the counter, so the story goes. As each barrel was filled Savage removed it from the post during the night and buried it. Another empty barrel was placed handy to fill with more of the yellow metal. For him there did not seem to be an end to the golden harvest.

When the Mariposa Indian war broke suddenly December 17, 1850, Savage's Fresno post was burned completely. The three men stationed there as traders were killed, despite Savage's standing with the tribes. He himself was not hurt.

Indians of several tribes went on the warpath because miners wantonly burned their acorn granaries and cut down the oak trees which furnished their main staple food.

After the mother lode country erupted in murder and terror a volunteer battalion was formed which Savage commanded with the rank of major. The uprising was over in a few months and the defeated tribes banished to small reservations.

By request, James Savage aided Indian agents in keeping the tribes at peace. He also obtained a trading license and built a trading post with a partner managing it on the reservation between the Chowchilla and Kaweah rivers. It was known as Fort Bishop.

In 1852 the tribal chiefs became restless and were ready to break out on the warpath again. Savage was sent for by the agents to help talk them out of it. He was then at Big Oak Flat. On his way to the council meeting he stopped over at Kings River, where he met Walter H. Harvey.

There is some indication that he had difficulties with Harvey previously. Historians are somewhat fuzzy about this and whether or not Harvey shot Savage in the back while his attention was directed elsewhere. Some say Harvey simply walked up to face Savage with a drawn gun and shot him dead. In either case, Harvey was not tried for murder. Savage was thirty-two years old when he was killed.

At the time of his murder Savage had not removed any of this enormous amount of buried gold from Big Oak Flat. He used that collected at the other posts to purchase merchandise, horses and cattle. Some of it was obtained at

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the re-established Fresno River post, near where he met his death.

Many estimates have been made as to the number of barrels of gold Savage buried. One of the men who worked for him longest was reported to have said that Savage buried at least ten barrels of varying sizes. If all were full, this would have been a huge fortune in gold.

The Indian wives who returned to their respective tribes with all the goods they were able to pack away, surely knew. Over succeeding years the women were hunted up. Despite all offers of wealth they denied knowing anything about his buried barrels.

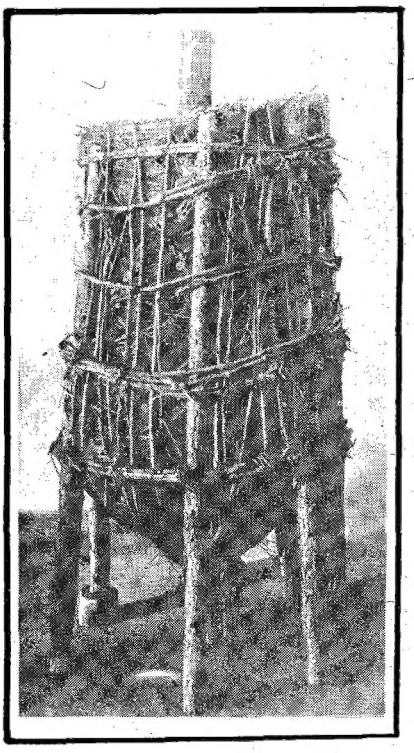
Despite the fact that the gold Homer Korrer recovered meant a sizeable amount of money, he was for the time being sick and tired with the search. For many years afterwards he told close friends that not finding a big barrel full of gold had thoroughly disillusioned him.

He did not pull out immediately. Returning to the one acre of ground, he bitterly went through the process of filling every dug hole, even the insignificant ones made by the rod. He didn't intend to allow someone else to profit by his labor. The next rain or winter snow would destroy all sign of his presence in the flat. The keg staves were burned in the cooking fire and the hoops thrown into the creek.

Several days were spent at this chore before he packed his mule. He passed across the country to Tuolumne. A rancher friend lived there where his stock could be left. He then took the train out and went to San Francisco.

Three weeks after his departure a man identifying himself as Jeff Stone came to the ranch. He presented a letter allegedly signed by Korrer authorizing him to take possession of his stock and equipment.

Never having seen any specimen of Korrer's handwriting, the rancher supposed that the letter was genuine. Accordingly, he turned the property over to the stranger. Still, some suspicion was aroused because Stone in no way resembled a prospector or miner, which he claimed to be.



When white men destroyed Indian granaries like the one above it resulted in an Indian uprising and the Major's mysterious death.

Major Savage's trading post on the Lower Aqua Fria is gone, but some men believe the gold is still there.

Stone departed with the outfit. The following week Korrer showed up intending to begin another prospecting trip.

When told about Stone, Korrer was astonished. Then he admitted ruefully that maybe he talked too much in several Embarcadero saloons. Some opportunist obviously took the chance of cashing in on what he revealed.

Hastily buying another horse and pack mule Korrer rode without pause to Big Oak Flat. Hiding his camp well off Piney Creek, he continued on foot as gray dawn broke over the mountains.

He found his horse and mule grazing in a flat on the creek, not the one where the gold was found. Slipping cautiously into the brush and bending over to keep from swinging big limbs that might attract attention, Korrer gained the edge of an open space of approximately fifty feet in diameter.

The man calling himself Stone sat drinking a tin cup of coffee. He was no one that Korrer could recall ever having seen before.

Standing up straight, Korrer stepped out. Hearing him, Stone leaped to his feet, took one look and grabbed a rifle leaning against a bedroll.

"Hold it!" Korrer called loudly.

But Stone levered a cartridge into the firing chamber. Loathe to do so, Korrer, having slipped his sixgun from a hip

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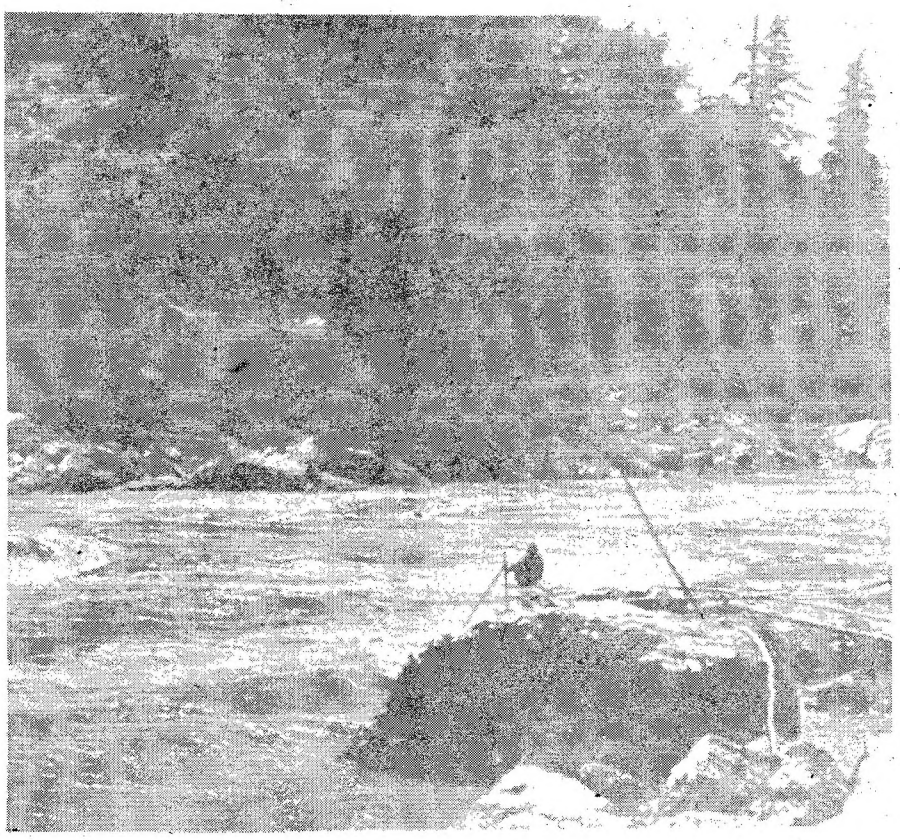

Indians still fish for salmon in the Merced River—and may still pan for gold.

pocket, brought it around and thumbed off one shot.

The rifle exploded a bullet harmlessly into the air as Stone fell backwards, twisted on his feet and landed on his right side. He was dead, shot through the lower part of the face.

Korrer did not panic over having killed a man. He had shot to kill before and was no stranger to violent death. Although having fired in self-defense, the fact might be hard to prove. In any event he would spend months in jail.

Having no intention of being forced to defend himself in court and waste time, he concluded to do the logical thing. Taking his stock, actually stolen by the dead man, he gathered up all his equipment which had also been taken.

He left behind only what Stone actually owned. Throwing his entire outfit together, he rode south immediately to Coulterville, not returning to Tuolumne.

He sold his horse and mule, having an unquestionable bill of sale for them. For a week he remained in Coulterville, listening to the latest news and reading the newspapers. There was no mention of a body being found on Piney Creek.

Buying a few more supplies, Korrer began prospecting the small streams running into the Merced River. Every week or ten days he returned to Coulterville, again to check the newspapers and listen for any report about a dead man being found on Piney Creek or the immediate vicinity.

Apparently the remains had not been discovered. At the end of six months he quit worrying about it. That winter was spent in Merced and with the coming of summer he wandered north to the Yuba River. Though it had been supposedly placered out for almost fifty years, Korrer's luck turned good. He struck a pocket in the sidewall of a small creek that panned out $16,000 worth of gold.

From there he went to Nevada. His luck still held. He discovered a silver lode near Battle Mountain which was sold for $50,000. By this time with all the money he had banked Korrer decided to quit prospecting.

But Savage's barrels of gold still intrigued him and the urge to try again would not be denied. Two years had passed since shooting Stone. He returned to Coulterville and went to Big Oak Flat. Now he discovered that the original flat was supposed to be on a bench next to the town, near buildings that had been built in 1852.

He knew this not to be true, but listened to all the current tales about Savage's buried barrels of gold that men were then hunting. All placering was then being done south on the Merced.

He moved slowly down Piney Creek to the site of his find. This time he camped in the clearing next to the creek. His first venture was into the timber away from it. Whitened bones were scattered all through the brush where he had been forced to shoot Stone and they were surely his. Leather items left behind had weathered into hard black pieces. Stone's remains had never been found.

Having worked out the one acre of ground before, Homer Korrer started probing an area in the brushy timber above the site. He was working near the creek side when three men accosted him.

One of them demanded, "What the hell are you doing here? We have filed a claim on this ground. Are you trying to jump it?"

"There are no notices posted," Korrer reminded them. "I have as much right to prospect here as anyone else."

"Well, by Gawd, you get gone. We are posting it now, all the way down the creek to include one hundred and sixty acres."

"Okay, you jokers are welcome to it."

He suspected they were only after the same thing he was. Retiring, Korrer quickly built four stone columns and in each left a claim notice in a tin can. He then went into town intending to file his mining claim on the creek side. At the land office he ran into immediate trouble.

The beetle-browed man behind the counter told him, "All that area has been claimed as a homestead. Here's the map to show you."

Studying him briefly, Korrer drawled, "So you're in with them three on the creek? Just a pack of crooks!"

"Don't give me no trouble!" The registrar came up from under the counter with a long barreled revolver. "Beat it before you get hurt real serious-like."

Korrer nodded his head slowly. "I would hate to have to kill you. But if you keep shaking that piece of iron in my face, I may have to." He wasn't armed.

The man was so badly scared that he dropped the revolver. Korrer went out, laughing.

Deciding the matter wasn't worth fighting over, he returned to the creek for his equipment and pack mule. The three toughs were nowhere in sight and had still not erected any claim monuments or the corner stakes of a homestead.

Korrer rode back to town, intending to go north from there prospecting through the hills to Sonora. On the way he discovered the three men industriously digging a big hole under some yellow bluffs. They were in the flat that local people now claimed to have been where the big oak tree once stood and where Savage's trading post had been.

Riding past the I.O.O.F. building to a general store, Korrer tied up to buy a little grub to see him through to Sonora. After buying supplies he had a couple of

(Continued on page 57)

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Hello, my name is Norris Strauss . . .

and I've got to get something off my chest before I explode!

You may think I'm a big shot for putting a full page ad in
Actually I just work at a regular job which I enjoy. I was born and raised in Brooklyn as were my parents—I have many relatives here. I've only moved once in 28 years.

I'm not a racetrack character, nor am I fronting for anybody. Instead of a yacht, sports car and six figure bank account as system writers boast, I drive an ordinary klunker and live in a modest apt. (my family says it's too modest). But I have plenty of leisure and a local rep as a studious neighbor who burns the midnight oil. I was always fascinated by serious research on old Racing Forms to see what I could come up with . . . well, after many disappointments, I finally found the pot of gold.

I've hit onto something so royally big that I feel like the Chinese with a tiger by the tail, and it's driving me nuts! I went into a spin and ordered a whole stack of back issue Racing Forms, and I found a winning secret that WORKS, period. I can't express the joy of this achievement, nor the sense of power or well being—I feel SECURE.

If I didn't expect a nice pension—I plan to pull a slow one and live to 100, didn't enjoy my job, didn't have ample leisure, if my family wouldn't give me a hard time, if I weren't so darn timid, if my religious parents weren't so anti-gambling, I'd follow the sun from track to track. I've figured I can win over $11,000 a year on $20 bets, and that's more than I earn. What to do? What to do?

I need advice. How can I convince people? I've got the races beat out of the frame and I just can't keep it to myself or I'll burst at the seams!

Maybe I shouldn't bring this up, as I have no proof and won't mention names. But something is odd—these horses are winning when they "shouldn't." If I've cracked a code involving track management, publishers or horsemen, or any related combination thereof, I'm ecstatic. If some group is making money on these winners, well—

I checked this method on old Racing Forms for the following periods: Nov. 65 through Apr. 66; Aug. 67 through 68; Jan. 69 through Sept. 69. All periods proved very profitable. Tightening the rules might improve it, but it looks great as is. Were these just lucky periods?

The system selects about 4½ plays per day per track, so you can see this gets plenty of action. Past results have shown that you can expect to make about $962 profit on $20 win bets per month at one track. Winners will average about 30% with an average win mutuel of about $9.55.

It's completely mechanical and requires no judgment. It's really simple. If I were dying, I could whisper it to you in about 100 words (60 if I had rehearsed the scene). All you need is the Racing Form or Morning Telegraph. No need to be at the track.

Ever did anything wild on a lark? Want to join this adventure, come what may, for $10? Ever thought of following the sun from track to track? Or perhaps playing the horses at the legal bookies in Vegas or Caliente? No job worries, no boss, sleep late, plenty of money—but most important of all, living the kind of life so few people are ever able to.

One last word. You've seen system sellers using aliases from p.o. boxes and mail drops. Has any one of them ever signed his real name, given his history, worked for an honest living, stayed put over 60 days, or cared for anything except getting your money? Weigh that.

I can rush my complete secret to you by return mail for $10. Check me out. Do what I did. Take any back Racing Forms over a reasonable period of time. Apply my system. If you can show me that it doesn't work, I'll NOT ONLY REFUND YOUR $10 BUT I'LL DOUBLE IT AND SEND YOU $20. Fair enough?

State of New York
County of Kings OATH

I hereby swear and affirm that I guarantee to refund double the cost to any purchaser who checks my method out on back Racing Forms over a period of at least 3 months and finds that it does not work.

Norris Strauss

Sworn to before me

Frank Gayer

FRANK GAYER
Notary Public State of New York
NO. 24-6473975

READ HOW THOSE USING MY SYSTEM ARE MAKING OUT WITH IT

I can't thank you enough for this system. So far all my back checking has proven to be correct. The following results were obtained through diligent checking:

Hollywood Park	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1970	$1,394	(21 days)
Aqueduct	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1970	$814	(27 days)
Saratoga	Aug. 3 to Aug. 29, 1970	$826	(20 days)
Belmont Park	Aug. 31 to Sept. 30, 1970	$862	(25 days)
Golden Gate	Mar. 27 to April 10, 1971	$600	(13 days)
Del Mar	July 24 to Aug. 31, 1970	$4,252	(32 days)
Bowie	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	$930	(15 days)
Santa Anita	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	$1,000	(13 days)
Aqueduct	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	$400	(17 days)
Longacres	May 29 to June 28, 1970	$2,378	(20 days)
Longacres	Aug. 1 to Sept. 12, 1970	$1,840	(25 days)

I can just hardly believe it! Thanks to you I can win at the races!—*C.M., Seattle*

At Golden Gate here from Feb. 16th opening day to March 24th the system showed a *net* profit of $1728 on a $20 flat win bet. A $10 win $10 place bet showed $1257 net profit. From March 24th to present—the overall profit has decreased to $1200 flat win ($20).—*B.S., El Cerrito, Calif.*

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Everything you said is true. You have come up with the best system ever. I've tried to strengthen it, break it, refine it but I simply cannot come up with any way to improve on it. My success has been at the Liberty Bell and even when I wasn't at the track I figured the races and your method proved itself time and time again.—*D. F., West Chester, Pa.*

I am the owner of many racing systems, all which are very good. When I received the system which I ordered from you I tried the system, I checked and rechecked it, and I can truthfully say that it is one of the best systems I own. —*M. F. W., South English, Iowa*

Enclosed find results at the track for the last 2 months. It's incredible. I am ahead by $1550. You may use my name for any testimonial.—*L. O., Los Angeles, Cal.*

Incidentally, I find that the system's choice comes in 2nd often enough that it pays to bet both win and place. In fact winnings as far as I've gone are just about double by betting both. Thanks for being one honest solicitor.—*B. F., Gila Bend, Ariz.*

I owe you a million thanks. Just like you said, it doesn't work at all times, but I'll be honest with you the highest number always comes in the money.—*E. S., Lorain, Ohio*

I have been checking your method on some old forms for a period of 2 months so far and have found it profitable.—*N. S., Mount Vernon, N.Y.*

NORRIS M. STRAUSS
227 E. 45th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 Apt *LZG-11*

GUARANTEED — MY METHOD WILL WORK FOR YOU OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Dear Norris,

I enclose $10. Please send your complete guaranteed method. If I am not completely pleased, I may return it for a full refund. Or I may check your method out on back Racing Forms over a period of 3 months and if I find it does not work I'll receive a refund of DOUBLE THE COST OF YOUR METHOD ($20).

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Norris M. Strauss, 227 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

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massacre at cutthroat gap

BY WARREN O'RILEY

IT WAS OSAGE AGAINST KIOWA THAT DAY BY THE RIVER – AND THE EARTH WAS SOAKED IN BLOOD. WHEN IT WAS OVER THE SEVERED HEADS REMAINED TO TELL THE GRUESOME STORY OF GUNS AND LANCES AGAINST WOMEN, CHILDREN AND OLD MEN.

It was a cruel victory for the Osage warriors who danced with glee (right) over the bodies of their unarmed Kiowa enemies. The Sacred dancer (left) and medicine men were no match against the advanced Osage weaponry.

CHIEF AHDATE had selected a campsite for his band of Kiowa followers carefully. Throughout the past week the signs of nearby Osage Indians had forewarned the old man of impending danger. With his best warriors gone on a raiding expedition against the Utes, there was no one to guard the women and children except a few old men and those warriors who by illness or other disability could not follow.

Ahdate knew his forces were few and that the enemy Osages possessed the white man's rifles while his own men had nothing more than their primitive lances and bows with which to defend the camp. By raising their tipis in a tree-covered break of the Washita River bank, Ahdate hoped his people could escape detection until the war party returned.

Meanwhile it was pleasant in the soft sunshine between crags of the gap. Children raced among the tipis and played in the nearby fragrant beds of wild flowers. The squaws attended to meat boiling in the pots. Elderly men dozed in the sun or swapped lies of their youthful warrior days.

The omens portended that the Ute raid would be successful. The war party would return with many scalps and much booty. There would follow a great feast with ceremonial dancing and a general holiday of great importance.

From the oldest to the youngest the Kiowas looked forward to this anticipated event. When it ended, the tribe would migrate to buffalo country for a long hunt to obtain winter meat and hides.

A youth named Guitan left the village to bring in a few of his family ponies. A brief journey was planned along upper Otter Greek gathering medicinal herbs for use during winter illnesses.

From somewhere close by echoed the faint noise of a rolling stone. The sound jerked Guitan into instant alertness. A swift reconnoiter was accomplished in time to spot a painted figure darting into cover behind a domed rock. The shaven head was unmistakable, giving instant warning to the abruptly excited Guitan.

The skulker was one of the feared Osages.

Dropping to the ground Guitan crawled behind a rock for cover, listening intently for some noise to give further warning.

Moving backward on the ground, Guitan gained distance before he leaped up and ran crookedly towards the

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village. No arrow or lead ball came at him, which indicated the discovered Osage was an advance scout.

"Osage!" he yelled, running upstream through the tipis spreading the alarm. Behind him old men repeated his cry and pandemonium broke out.

The aging and partly crippled Ahdate hobbled from his tipi to shout orders, "To the rocks! To the rocks for your lives!"

The women and children not already panicked into action swarmed from the tipis, trying to reach safety. A few climbed to the top of a sharp sided little butte south of the village. From the top loose stones could be rolled down on the enemy should they try ascending it.

Not many made it successfully to refuge. The Osages came charging in almost on Guitan's heels.

Rifles were fired over short ranges signalling the beginning of the cruel, bloody attack. Then the enemy used long knives, clubs and buffalo stabbing lances. In this terrible slaughter the Osages made no distinction between women and children, the sick and helpless.

Calf Mountain was still too young to gain warrior status but like all Indian boys he early learned to use the lance and arrow skillfully. Grabbing his weapons he darted into some rocks at the base of a crag.

Stringing arrows from a cluster held across his mouth he brought down at least two Osages before several turned on him. During their heedless rush he dispatched three more arrows, succeeding in wounding an Osage with each one. His accuracy forced the enemy to retreat.

One Osage carrying a heavy rifle approached to within fifty yards and began firing. After each shot he had to reload, lead balls that flattened against stone surfaces. His aim was atrocious. Calf Mountain declared afterwards the powder blasts and whistling balls scared him badly. He expected the magical weapon to destroy him but he kept on stringing arrows at targets anyway.

With the quiver of arrows nearly expended, he crawled to the right, seeking a hiding place elsewhere. When he had gotten well away, the Osage, unable to find him, ran back to the tipis for his share of the loot and to conclude the fiendish killing.

Others were not so lucky. Unable to get their smallest children out of the Osages' reach, mothers and fathers were slain defending them. Only a few escaped.

Tahion grabbed up the cradle of his baby son after first arming himself. He then hurtled himself boldly out of the family tipi directly toward the enemy.

His sudden appearance so startled them that he broke through against contact with many half-naked bodies.

Entire families such as the one pictured above were wiped out in one of the bloodiest raids of Indian history.

Leaping and hurling himself one way and then the other, he gained some hundred feet before struck by a thrown lance, which cut a furrow across his back.

Determined not to lose his infant son to the cruelest of enemies, he held the cradle in his teeth by the buckskin lacing. This left his hands free for his weapons.

After launching two arrows to slow down pursuers, he sped on a little farther away and repeated the performance. On his third stand a distant enemy fired a gun. The round lead ball whistled past Tahion's head.

The Osages seemed to think they were too few against him to overcome such a valiant warrior, and slowed their rush. This enabled Tahion to get completely out of the village. Escape lay before him and he ran on.

Mamanto was another who fought, protecting his aged father and mother. Neither could see well and his mother was totally unable to run. While she hobbled along with the aid of a gnarled stick, his father aided her despite his own physical handicaps.

Keeping in the rear Mamanto strung arrows swiftly to fend off the Osages who would slay them. When his arrows were gone he drew a plainsman's knife. With a shield strapped on his left arm he prepared to stand and die. His parents were then three hundred yards downstream from the village. He drew hope that they might get away when once rounding a bend beyond sight. The enemy was not too anxious to pursue far, for loot might be lost to others.

No arrows or a lead ball came his way now. No attack developed towards him until an enemy sprinted to within fifty feet. From that short distance he launched a stabbing lance at Mamanto. The point was sharp enough to pierce the thick hide shield but stopped there.

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The Kiowa village had been left unprepared and virtually unarmed in the quiet prairie glen.

Instantly, Mamanto grabbed the shaft, reversed the lance and hurled it back. The point plunged into the thrower's chest. Badly wounded and holding the shaft, the Osage ran, squalling loudly for help.

Mamanto reached his parents and conducted them into hiding. There they remained until late that night.

Acts of unusual courage and bravery ensued during the incredible massacre. But there was rank cowardice exhibited too.

One warrior not too old to have put up some kind of a fight, ran over women and children in wild, fear ridden flight. Once he had been a renowned fighting man. With his extraordinary experience he could have delivered telling blows or aided some of the helpless to escape, but he fled in such haste, war shield, lance, bow and arrow quiver were left behind. He escaped but for the rest of his life, he was never permitted participation in any of the tribal councils or ceremonies.

Because of a healing chest wound, Guigwu had not joined the war party. When the Osages struck he was visiting a friend in the upper village. He started running towards the lower end where his wife and three year old daughter were in their own tipi. It stood almost where the foul attack had begun.

Forced to slow because of enemies pressing forward, he heard the dying screams of mortal agony, and triumphant shrieks of throat slashing Osages. Verging out to the near wall of the gap he began a circuitous route to escape attack, fearing that his family had already been killed.

Opposite his tipi he turned toward it, crawling across bare ground to where he could see the front. He was in time to see an Osage emerge holding the severed heads of his wife and daughter by blood stained hair. Slowly Guigwu flattened against the ground, face in the dust, sick at heart.

When the enemy cleared he started crawling over the ground to within twenty feet of the low tipi opening. Springing up he dashed the rest of the way unseen.

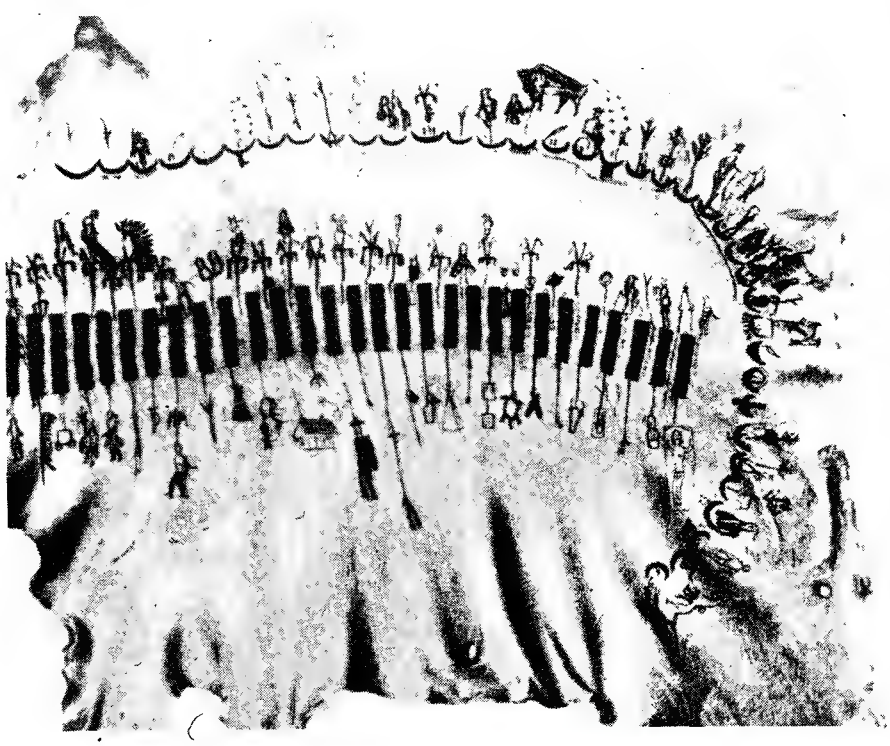
The headless bodies of his wife and daughter lay slumped on the ground beds where they had been decapitated. Turning from them, Guigwu found his weapons on the far side against the dew cloth.

Arming himself quickly, he slit the side of the tipi and crawled through while keeping under cover. Guigwu decided to make a long stand to the death. In that way he could avenge his family. He moved slowly towards the lower end of the gap, at no time hurrying. He *wanted* the Osages to see him and pursue. By a low pile of boulders against the bank he stood waiting expectantly. The nearest tipi where raiders buzzed about was a hundred yards distance.

He remained there some time before the terrible slaughter of the helpless ended. Only then did the Osages return to the lower village in numbers. Systematically they began looting the tipis, howling like a pack of wolves. Wholesale murder they considered valiant warfare.

When several finally did come within effective range, Guigwu strung his bow. While notching an arrow to let fly the bow string broke free of the glued striffen at one end.

Never before had such an accident happened to him. It didn't seem possible that his skillfully made bow should give way in a crisis, yet it did. He dropped the usless bow. He still had



The story of the raid was handed down from father to son, and an "official" Kiowa record kept on buckskin such as the one shown left.

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Dread enemies of the Kiowas, Osage warriors such as these descended on the camp in vicious fury.

lance and knife to make the death stand with.

He would go out now and attack the enemy. One step forward and he halted abruptly. Why should the bow string have broken at that particular moment? The thought struck him that it might be an omen. He was not supposed to die at this time. He could not get rid of the sudden conviction. It must have been willed by the supreme authority. Slowly he sank into hiding among the rocks and lived to rejoin the Kiowa tribes.

Manoki was only eleven years old, trying to wait patiently until becoming a warrior. Meanwhile he had learned how to use the lance, knife, and bow expertly. He was a better marksman than a good many experienced warriors of considerable fame.

When the alarm arose he grabbed the weapons left behind by his father who had gone on the raid into Ute country.

His mother, gathering the small children, protested, "You are only a boy. You can't fight like a grown man and they will kill you if you do not run."

"While my father is away, *I* am the warrior!" Manoki declared resolutely.

He went out of the tipi bent over, straightened up and sped towards the echoing scene of murderous onslaught. He didn't get far before coming face to face with two Osages.

Quickly he dropped bow, quiver and shield to throw the lance. It went through the nearest Osage, the point sticking out of his back. The other Osage, a fully grown man, turned and fled before such accuracy.

Elated, Manoki retrieved the lance by slashing the body, and gathered up his weapons. He started on, sure that he could give a good account of himself against the hated and feared enemy. Behind him his mother's terrified scream rang out. Whirling about on moccasined feet he saw an Osage trying to hack her throat open with a knife.

Manoki fitted an arrow to the string quickly and let fly. A buffalo hunting long shaft, the arrow went through one side of the enemy's chest to the other, the point protruding. As he fell Manoki's mother and the small children ran out of sight among the far tipis.

Five Osages appeared from the right, intent on pursuing the woman and children. Too late they spotted Manoki who was even then loosening an arrow. While one fell dead, threshing legs on the ground, the others were upon him.

It being impossible to use either lance or arrows at arms-length fighting, Manoki resorted to the knife. Dodging between the surviving four, slashing as he hurled himself about, he cut arms and chests to ribbons of skin and flesh.

Swiping at him with their own knives they missed when he slanted off their bodies too quickly after contact. They only inflicted minor wounds. Finally an older warrior got Manoki from behind. Before the last breath departed from his lungs they cut off his head bearing it away in gleeful triumph. There were witnesses to this uneven battle. Kiowas climbing up over the cliff walls south saw it. They could look right down on the scene, observing it startling clear.

Manoki's stand became an epic. By selling his life so dearly he gained time for his mother and the little children to escape.

After their last victim died the Osages spent considerable time going through the tipis selecting the booty they would pack away. Then ensued a second lengthy period while they performed a strange ceremony in the village circle. Finally the Osages rode out of the gap, circling northeast towards their own country.

When convinced they were gone Guigwu emerged from hiding. Curious as to the reason for a ceremony in the village circle, he went there. Forty containers had been assembled in two rows. In each one reposed the head of a Kiowa. There were few of old men but many women and children.

The gruesome row was utterly fantastic yet something that he knew about. It was the Osage religion to offer human heads to propitiate those all-powerful in the spirit world.

Three captives had been taken, a small boy and his sister, and a comely young squaw. She escaped the last night the Osages spent from their village on the warriors' triumphant return. Wandering over several hundred miles she eventually reached her tribe.

The few escaping the bloody massacre kept going until reaching a friendly wild horse hunters' camp. Riders were dispatched to warn other Kiowa and Comanche allies in the region that the Osages were raiding, but the Osages did not attack anywhere else in the south. No other camp was so defenseless as that at Massacre Gap.

It was Spanish knives such as this that cut the throats of the Kiowas that day.

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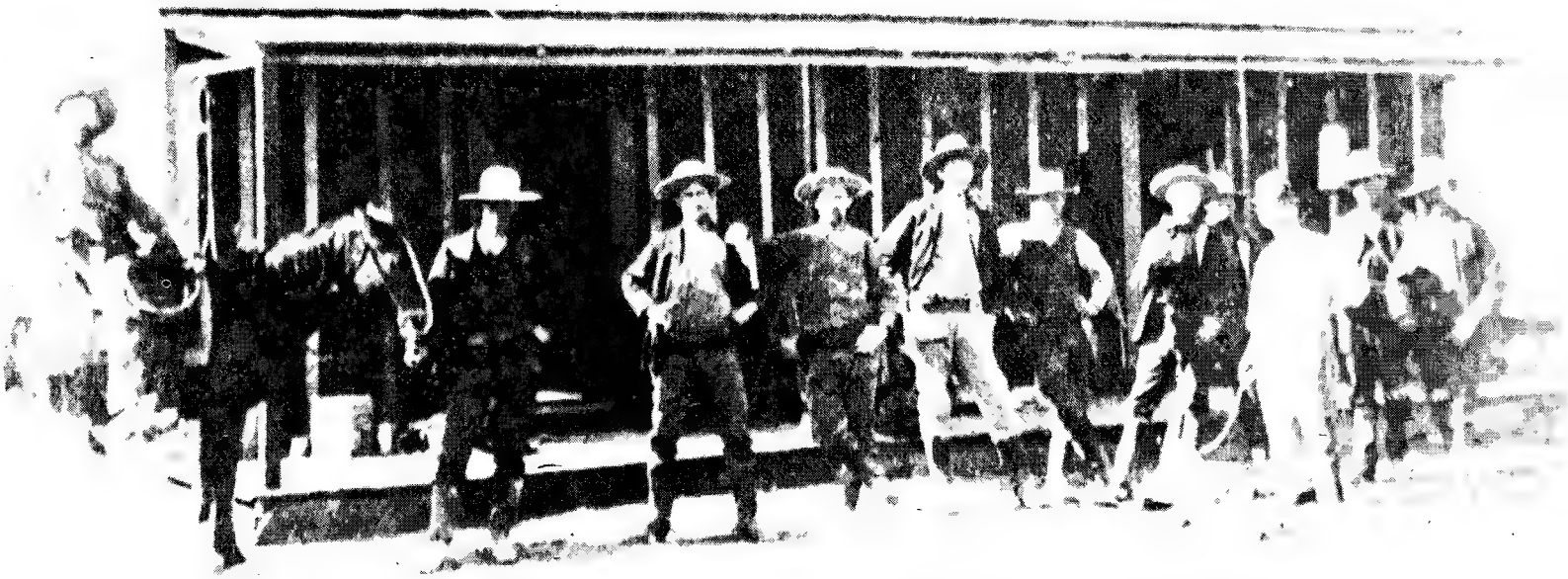
THE DARING OF THE OUTLAWS STARTLED THE SLEEPY DEPOT AT DEVIL'S CANYON. SO SWIFT AND SUCCESSFUL WERE THE ROBBERS THAT EVERYONE PROCLAIMED THEM PROFESSIONALS. NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE JUST COWBOYS – LUCKY COWBOYS, UNTIL SHERIFF O'NEILL CAUGHT UP WITH THEM. HE GOT THE OUTLAWS BUT NO ONE EVER RECOVERED THE FABULOUS LOOT FROM THE . . .

ROBBERY OF THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS



Four of these men left the Hashknife spread to try for one of the biggest hauls in train robbery history.

BY GLADWELL RICHARDSON

THE TRAIN pulling into lonely Canyon Diablo station to unload mail was considered robbery proof. No one aboard had a key to the safe in the express car, and the safe itself could not be removed without virtually taking the car with it.

Still the messenger inside the car was worried when at the last minute in Los Angeles an unexpected shipment of gold and currency totalling $100,000.00 had been loaded aboard. The safe being locked, there was no choice but to place the heavy metal box in one corner of the car where it now rested alongside a shipment of jewels destined for Winslow, Arizona, and small canvas sacks of money and mail.

As the A. & P. train hissed to a steam-cloud halt at the wind and snow-swept station, the messenger was at the door with the mail sack to be dropped off. As he opened the side door, he was startled to see two young men without masks holding sixguns.

"Just behave yourself" said one of the young men "and you'll live a mite longer!" His gun made its own point.

"You have drawn the short straw tonight" the messenger replied with false calmness. "The valuables are locked in the safe which can't be opened until reaching Albuquerque. I have no key."

Undaunted, the young bandit checked the safe. Finding that the messenger had spoken the truth he ordered the man down where the other unmasked outlaw covered him.

As the bandit began ransacking the car, his companion led the agent forward to the engine where the

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engineer and fireman were being held at gunpoint by two more of the gang. Passengers puzzled at the delay began to step out of the train. A few warning shots from the bandits' sixguns sent them scurrying back inside.

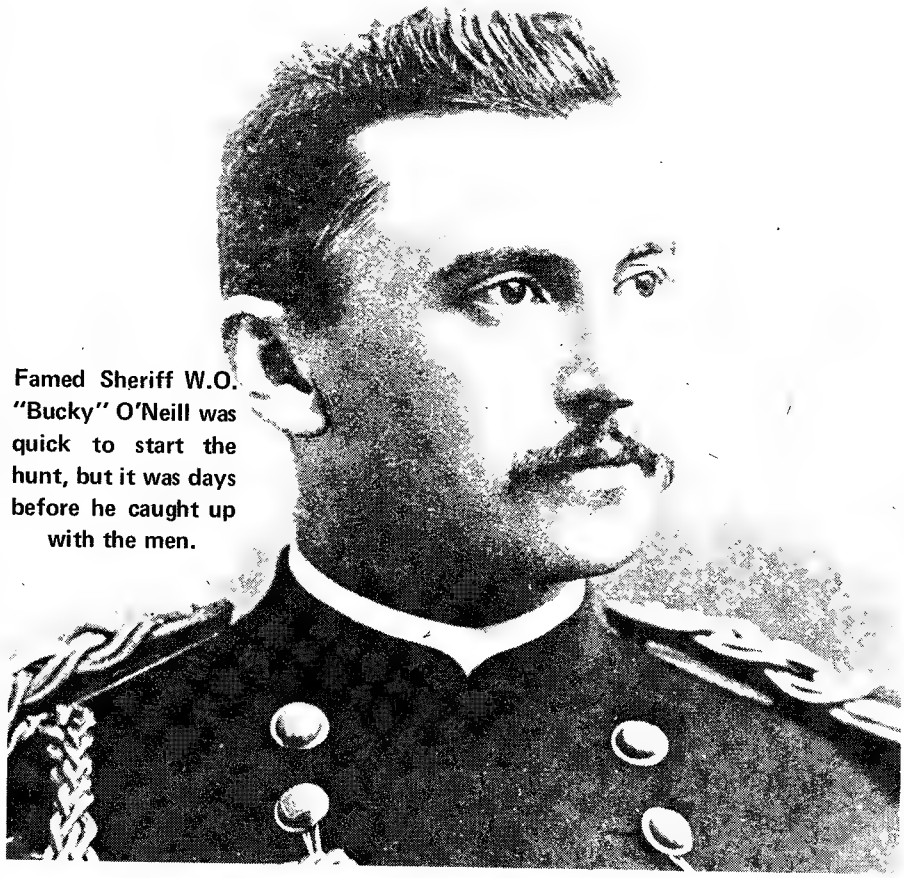
One of the bandits returned to the express car to help his friend and for the next twenty minutes they loaded everything they could find into canvas sacks which they tossed out the side. When they had four sacks full they jumped out and rejoined their companions at the engine.

The prisoners were told "She's all yours again, boys!" and the bandits carrying their loot calmly walked forward, passing through the bright engine headlight shining down the tracks and disappearing into the night.

So quickly and smoothly had the operation gone that the authorities were at first certain the gang was a band of professionals. The authorities were dead wrong.

Daniel M. Havrick, William D. Stirin, Long John Halford and John H. (Jack) Smith were nothing more than cowpokes. Bored with their work at the Aztec Land and Cattle Company—the famous Hashknife spread—and with nothing to do but stare at the distant San Francisco mountains, they had decided to rob a train to see if they could do it, and to put a little excitement into their lives. They had no real plan.

While the Canyon Diablo station agent wired Sheriff W.O. (Bucky) O'Neill in Prescott the nearest law authority, the gang of amateurs went to their horses in the timber and rode down the canyon rim before stopping.



Famed Sheriff W.O. "Bucky" O'Neill was quick to start the hunt, but it was days before he caught up with the men.

Building a fire, they emptied the loot out on a saddle blanket. The money was divided into four piles as nearly even as they could guess. Then, according to Havrick's confession many years later, he was blindfolded to divide the loot.

The depot was virtually asleep when the robbery began, but the sound of gunfire and news of the robbery woke everyone up.

Smith would hold a hand over a pile and ask him, "Who does this belong to?" Havrick would name one of them. The last loot belonged to him. The watches were buried on the canyon rim. Before burying the diamond rings Smith pried out a few stones from the settings and put them in a shirt pocket.

Their rifles were also disposed of. They thought that if seen carrying them in the saddle boots they might be taken for outlaws. The rifles went into the ground enclosed in the scabbards.

The four then circled north, crossing the railroad tracks close enough to see the lighted windows of the station. Riding west, they reached the mighty Grand Falls on the Little Colorado River after daylight. Here they decided to separate, for Halford and Smith wanted to go to Colorado and Wyoming across the vast Navajo Indian country.

They crossed at the ford above the falls while Havrick and Starin continued west. The cowboys took their own good time and did not ride fast as professionals would certainly have done.

They delayed while behind them a real storm boiled up. So great was the express company loss that a $2,000 reward was offered for each of them, by the A. & P., the express company and Arizona Territory. The unusually large head money clearly indicated that the fleeing cowboys had obtained plenty of loot. A description of them and the

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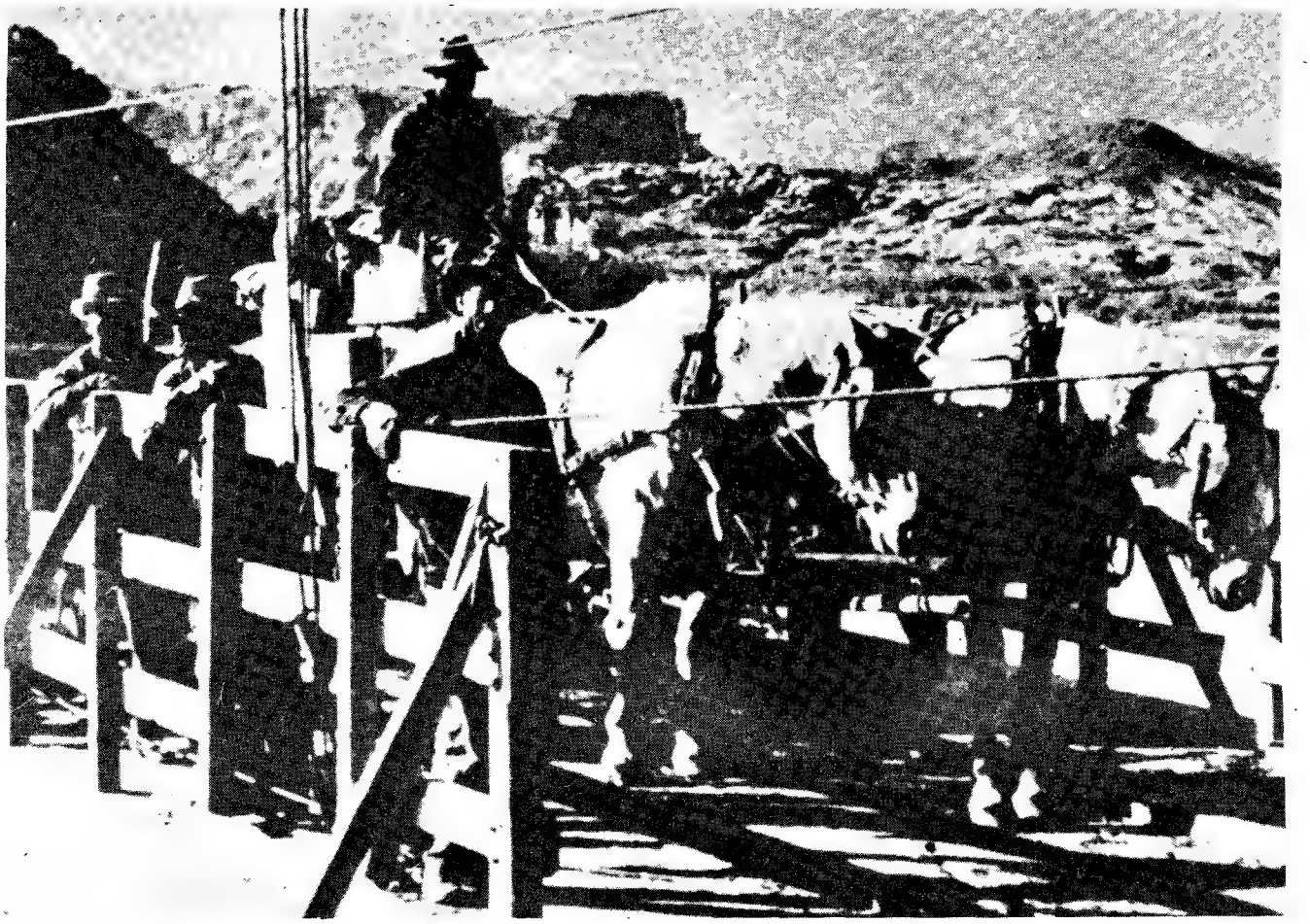

The outlaws avoided this ferry on the Colorado River, but Sheriff O'Neill used it and gained time.

reward offered for their apprehension dead or alive was telegraphed all over the southwest.

As soon as he had received word of the robbery, Sheriff O'Neill boarded a special A. & P. train and within a few hours had covered the hundred miles between Prescott and Canyon Diablo. He delayed only long enough to pick up his deputies James Black and Ed St. Clair, with the Express company special officer Carl Holden, and riding stock.

Reaching the robbery scene, O'Neill wasted little time. Quickly getting a description of the men, the sheriff and his small posse began tracking the gang. Finding where the outlaws' horses had been tied O'Neill and his men mounted their own stock. "They pulled out riding fast," Sheriff O'Neill declared "and will be hard to come up with!"

By this time Havrick and Starin had reached the Black Falls on the Little Colorado River. They decided to ford it there instead of going on downstream to Tanner Crossing, where people might be encountered on the trail. But the water was high, hurling large blocks of ice along. After waiting nearly thirty-six hours for the water to lower, they swam their horses across anyway and very nearly froze in the process of escaping.

Riding west and north at the base of Echo Cliffs, they ascended the Kaibeto Plateau and reached the rim overlooking Lee's Ferry on the big Colorado. Waiting until night, they descended by an Indian trail. A ferry was in operation but they did not summon the tender. Instead they swam the rolling Colorado, bypassed the ferryman's house and climbed onto the Paria Plateau.

That morning they found a water hole where cattle came to drink. Very low of grub they killed a calf and roasted some of the meat.

Fortunately they had not crossed on the ferry boat or let themselves be seen. Late that afternoon, riding hard, O'Neill and his three-man posse had crossed the river. They were camped for the night near the ferryman's house.

They had tracked the cowboys to Grand Falls and discovered the split-up. The two heading west O'Neill felt sure could be overhauled, either in the Arizona Strip country or in Utah. For that reason he quit following the tracks going north and hurried on in an attempt to cut the other pair off.

Five days after crossing the Colorado, Havrick and Starin dropped down from the plateau across the Utah border into Adairville on the Paria at sundown.

It was a secret Mormon polygamous village. The bishop was a small, feisty little man with gray whiskers hanging far down on his chest. His beady little eyes brightened while surveying them.

Havrick asked if they could get a meal and stay all night in the barn or haystack.

The bishop agreed readily, much too quickly, which aroused Havrick's suspicions. Told to put their horses in the barn, one of the bishop's sons took them there and helped them feed their stock.

In the barn, Havrick and Starin spotted the horses of Halford and Smith. Obviously their companions had changed their minds about going to Colorado and Wyoming.

The horses put away, they were taken into the large stone house for supper, where they found Halford and Smith eating. The cowboys ignored each other as though they were total strangers.

Following the meal Halford managed to get Starin outside the house. He said worriedly, "This bunch are onto us. We'd better try to get away."

Havrick and Starin wanted to sleep outside, using the excuse that they would be an inconvenience in the house.

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Brought back to Prescott for trial, the cowboys refused to reveal the hiding place of their loot.

The bandy-legged little bishop insisted they bed down on shakedowns in the front room. Three of his grown sons also slept there. Halford and Smith had already been assigned to the granary in the barn. The four had been skillfully separated.

Around midnight Havrick, who had lain cautiously awake, heard the last of the sons sneak from the room. Awakening Starin, the outlaws started dressing but didn't get to their cartridge belts when four men packing levelled rifles burst through the wide open door. They were caught, and marched outside the house, where more men surrounded them and tied their wrists

"I'm the one who figured out these was the bank robbing culprits from Arizona. Half of the reward is mine. You others can split the rest between you," the bishop declared greedily.

Such a commotion was raised before the house that Halford and Smith, already wary, pulled on their boots, being fully dressed in anticipation of trouble. Cartridge belts buckled on, guns in hand they stole out to positions behind the men holding Havrick and Starin.

Halford called in a chilling, commanding voice, "Freeze in your tracks or you're dead men!"

The bunch did so.

One by one all were made to step aside and drop their weapons in a pile. Smith then cut the pigging strings holding Havrick and Starin.

They recovered their weapons from the house, and saddled all four horses. When mounted, the cowboys drove the men ahead for nearly four miles before releasing them. They then headed in a general northwest direction.

Behind them O'Neill, adding two Piute trackers and four cowboys to his posse, hurried to Adairville. Arriving there about ten oclock in the morning, he was greatly disappointed on learning of the cowboys' escape. Halt was made to eat before taking up their tracks.

The trail led towards Johnson Creek Canyon but before the posse got there a rising wind turned into a sandstorm. Within an hour, sign could not be followed. The sand was everywhere.

It was just as well, for the outlaws had turned around in a circle back to the Paria River above the village. They were now headed towards Cannonville and Henrieville.

The sandstorm forced them to seek shelter in a cowman's line cabin at a watering place. As luck would have it a cow came through with a yearling calf and lost it. Killing the calf, the cowboys

At one point the Sheriff and his men could look down on the fleeing outlaws.

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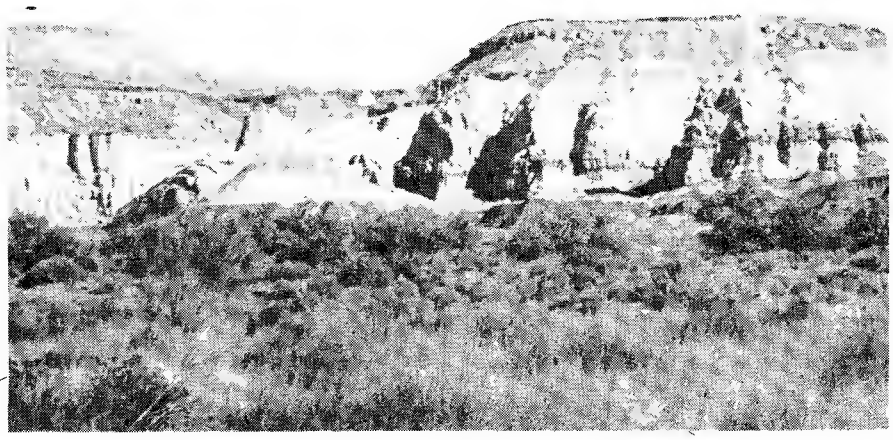

Through the badlands of Southern Utah the outlaws ran with O'Neill in hot pursuit.

nearly burned the log cabin down roasting veal, eating it without salt.

Two afternoons later they reached Cannonville. In town, they began looking for a general store. Suddenly rifle fire began cracking at them from two blocks away. Some of the men in town, actually waiting for them if they came that way, became excited and shot too soon.

The cowboys wheeled their horses around and got out with bullets whining around them. It was now absolutely certain that lawmen were close on them.

It was decided to return to Arizona, tightening up belts until food could be acquired. Accordingly they set forth, riding into the almost barren badlands of southern Utah and into northern Arizona. As before they did not travel fast. They took it leisurely, but did travel the rest of that day and all night to gain deep into Paria Plateau.

The next day the cowboys found a yearling steer, killed and butchered it. A fire was made that smoked. Large chunks were roasted, and all they could carry was loaded on saddles for sustenance on the trail.

They rode south again through a treeless park and reached the south edge. Suddenly distant shots crashed on the air.

Turning to look, the cowboys were amazed to see riders racing towards them from the far timber. On the sides were Piute trackers. It was the cooking fire smoke that had betrayed them.

The cowboys split up. Halford and Starin spurred their horses west. Havrick and Smith fled east, but were soon confronted by a series of deep canyons. This delayed them. While hunting a way down into one, where timber and broken piles of boulders afforded good hiding, a long distance shot killed Smith's horse. This did not stop him.

Doubling up, the men tried to pass down the canyon rim looking for a breakover. The posse gained close enough for O'Neill to yell a demand for their instant surrender.

Both cowboys promptly abandoned the tiring horse and went on foot over the canyon rim with bullets chipping off rock splinters around them. They made it into the deep, narrow canyon where they found a clear running stream below.

Havrick and Smith walked the rest of that day and all night long. The boots they wore soon blistered their feet. Climbing out of the canyon after daylight, their feet were wrapped in torn shirts. Even so it was painful hobbling along to a stock water reservoir just north of Lee's Ferry on the Paria Plateau.

On reaching it, the carried boots were dropped and they lay flat to slake their thirst. Exhausted and sleepy, they lay down in some rocks. Less than an hour later three white men and two Piute trackers appeared two hundred yards away.

Leaping to their feet, the cowboys dashed into the timber. Finding temporary hiding places they waited there. O'Neill and two trackers could be seen through the brush, pointing to where Smith hid.

He had to move and tried to dash to better cover despite swollen feet. Rifle fire was opened on him while he sprinted in the clear. Halting and turning to face them, Smith lifted his hands in the air.

Havrick took the opportunity to seek better cover, and continued towards the canyon rim. But he did not get far before falling exhausted to the ground. There O'Neill found him and took him into custody. The four prisoners were assembled at a stock watering tank. The posse had flour and coffee and a beef was killed to feed the outfit.

O'Neill decided not to take the prisoners by horseback to Prescott. Instead, he proceeded with them to Millford, Utah where the Union Pacific Railroad passed through.

A train took the party to Denver. The fact that O'Neill had pursued the cowboys 600 miles to a successful conclusion took the public's fancy, and while the prisoners were safely locked in the Denver jail, all four officers were given a big feed and drinks as a celebration. By train time at dawn they were exhausted.

Boarding, the cowboys were placed in one section facing each other. Occasionally one of the officers dozed a short time. After nightfall near the New Mexico border O'Neill went to the smoking compartment. The cowboys glanced across the aisle where Black, St. Clair and Holden sat, supposedly guarding them. All were fast asleep with chins resting on chests.

Smith had discovered that his small wrists could be slipped through his shackles. Morever, by removing his left boot he could get one leg iron off. Now, with the officers asleep, he proceeded to do just that. As the train slowed down mounting the summit of Raton Pass, Smith went quickly through the car window into deep blackness.

The train crossed the summit and began picking up speed downhill. O'Neill strolled back to the car, finding Smith gone and the officers asleep. In very blistering words he awakened them.

At the next town he left St. Clair and Holden to start a search for Smith. With Black he took the three remaining cowboys on to Prescott.

Smith made good his escape from the railroad right of way. Hiding out at daylight, he set forth again, walking into a howling blizzard. Not making good time, he was walking and freezing the second day when in the storm after dark he came onto several horses staked out to graze.

Fashioning a rope into a halter, he began riding bareback. About half an hour later he came onto a young woman school teacher lost in the storm. Smith picked her up, both riding bareback. He gave her his jacket. In another hour she probably would have frozen to death.

Warming, she began talking to him. He said that he was a Las Cruces cowboy, Frank Payson.

Through the storm shone the lighted window in a settler's clapboard house. That was where she boarded while teaching the country school. Smith took her there, people coming to the door when the dogs began barking.

As the girl slid off the horse she noticed the leg iron and chain tied to his

(Continued on page 57)

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THE FIGHTING FRIEND

BY TOM CURRY

THE SUN WAS up when Taze McElroy awoke. He swung his long legs around and sat on the edge of the bed as he rolled his first cigarette of the day. Dude Barry's cot hadn't been slept in; he hadn't come in at all. Still, that was nothing to worry about. He'd probably gone home with Marlene.

McElroy sighed as he remembered the pretty little do-si-do dolly Barry had been mooning with in the Dodge City saloon the night before. Barry had all the luck with the women, while Taze never managed to find anything better than the stout and much wrinkled husky-voiced dolly who had nearly drunk all of his trail's end bonus away.

Well, McElroy didn't begrudge his pard a little pleasure. It had been a tough drive and if Barry wanted to spread his bedroll in Marlene's place for a night or two it wasn't any business of McElroy's.

McElroy finished his smoke, splashed water on his face and hands, dried them on the dirty towel and ran a comb through his tousled hair. Pulling on his boots and setting his hat on his unhandsome head, he went out and ate a hearty breakfast, twice what an ordinary man would try to stow away.

For awhile he walked around town. He saw stacks of buffalo hides tall as three story buildings, while steers bawled in the crowded pens along the Kansas Pacific tracks. Stores were open, women and kids on the streets.

During the morning he looked in on the room but there was still no sign of Barry. McElroy napped after dinner and finally strolled uptown to the livery, where they'd left their horses. McElroy's roan came over when he whistled, and he stroked the critter's nose; he'd saved a lump of sugar for him. There were many animals in the outdoor corral, but he didn't see Dude Barry's long-limbed

It Had Been A Long, Hard Drive — Dodge City Was Trail's End, And Trouble's Start.

black, which had a white blaze across his snout and a half-white left foreleg. That horse had cost Barry almost a year's pay but he was worth it, every dollar of it.

His saddle was on the rack inside but Barry's was gone, as was the black. McElroy questioned the wrangler, who just shrugged and said nobody bothered him if he wished to take his horse.

Early that evening, McElroy was at the big palace but nobody knew where Marlene was. She lived with several girls but hadn't shown up and hadn't come to work that night.

He slept alone again. The next morning he began to feel a bit uneasy about his friend. Barry's horse and fancy saddle, tooled leather decorated with Mexican silver filigree, were still missing.

Late that afternoon, he spotted the black gelding; he couldn't mistake the animal, he knew him too well. A tall man in a frock coat and derby was astride Barry's fine saddle.

McElroy lumbered out into the road and was nearly run down by a dray, whose cursing driver shook his whip at him for making the team shy. By the time he could get going again, Barry's horse and the rider had disappeared.

He was worried for sure now. Only under the direst circumstances would a cowboy part with his horse, and to sell one's saddle was unthinkable.

He ate supper but his heart wasn't in his work and he couldn't finish his third helping. He wandered around, looking in all sorts of places, but there was no

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word of Barry or of Marlene anywhere.

It was near midnight when he suddenly spied the man in the frock coat. He was at a table with four others, playing stud poker. The man had on his derby; few bothered to remove their hats in such places.

McElroy moved in. The man had a sharp, cold face, a crisp black mustache and long sideburns. He was playing intently, it looked like a big-stake game. Everyone was tense, watching the others, trying to figure the odds.

"Hey, mister," said McElroy, standing by the gambler.

As the man paid no attention, McElroy shook his arm, and the player looked around impatiently. "What you want, cowboy? Can't you see I'm busy? Peel off."

McElroy swallowed; he had an even temper and was slow to anger, but he was worried. "Look, mister. You were ridin' my pard's horse today, and—"

The man cursed and hitched his chair around. "You callin' me a horsethief, boy?" There was a dangerous edge in his voice. While apparently unarmed, McElroy knew such professionals usually had a derringer hidden in a shoulder holster under the armpit, ready for instant use.

But McElroy was steamed up. "I want to know where you got that black gelding and saddle. They belong to my pard!"

The man kicked back his chair as he rose. He snarled, "You talk too much, waddy. Beat it, if you know what's good for you."

McElroy reached for him, meaning to shake some civility into him. The man was almost as tall but not as heavy as the cowpoke; he sidestepped and slapped McElroy alongside the head, making his ears ring. The cowpoke bored in and the gambler punched him in the mouth, drawing blood. As this failed to stop McElroy, the man whipped out a pearl-handled derringer, but with a swift motion, McElroy twisted it from his long hand and tossed it aside.

In spite of another hard punch, this one in the eye, McElroy grabbed his opponent in a bear hug, crushed the wind out of his lungs, and hurled him across the table, upsetting it and spilling all the cards and money in the sawdust.

An infuriated babble rose. All the other players at the table jumped on McElroy, swearing at him, and he was struck from all points of the compass. Somebody broke a chair over his head but this didn't stop him, nor did punch after punch. The whole place was in an uproar and fluid ring of spectators, cheering on the battle royal, surrounded McElroy and his immediate opponents. As he stepped back or moved around, the ring would give way, then close in again.

Suddenly there was nobody left to

fight, and McElroy looked around dazedly. The man in the frock coat, derby off, lay across the back of a chair, long legs dangling down the back, head and shoulders resting on the seat. Three of the other players lay in various attitudes, sprawled in the sawdust, while the fifth was crawling off under another table, mumbling something about his wife and six children.

As McElroy teetered there on his large feet, a batwing slammed in and a stocky man with a silver badge pinned to his vest, a large Colt's revolver in an oiled, open holster, hurried in. A barkeeper pointed at McElroy and the marshal slipped up behind and laid his long gun barrel alongside Taze's skull.

Taze McElroy came to, sputtering. He knew he was in a cell, because he could see the bars. A jailer had just thrown a bucket of water over him. McElroy groaned; he was sore all over and his head hurt; he didn't feel he could move even if he'd wanted to. He was dimly surprised as a chorus of moans followed his. The large cell was filled with bodies, mostly cowboys, some his mates from the same crew he'd come up the Trail with. The odors were sickening but McElroy didn't care.

Late that morning, the deputy who'd buffaloed him came for him, handcuffed him, and took him before a magistrate. "Drunk and disorderly, Yer Honor. He beat up five men at Connie's."

"Five dollars or five days," said the judge. "Next case."

"Judge, I was huntin' my pard, this here cuss had his horse—"

The magistrate rapped impatiently with his gavel. Nobody would listen so McElroy reached for his poke to pay the fine.

It was gone. "I been robbed!" he yelled.

Five days later they turned him loose with a warning to behave while in Dodge City. Some of his bruises had healed but he was still pretty stiff and sore. The jail food was worse than biscuits served in a sandstorm, and McElroy had gotten little sleep, thanks to all the unusual noise and interruptions.

Sadly, he returned to the room; luckily the rent had been paid for two weeks in advance. At least he had a place to stay, and he had his horse, saddle and roll.

But Barry wasn't there. With a deep sigh, McElroy lay down for a long sleep. Just as he dozed off, the door banged open, and Barry charged in. "You!" he shouted angrily, as McElroy managed to swing around and sit up. "You! Where in hell you been, anyhow!"

"I—Barry, this cuss had your horse and saddle, I figgered—"

"You fool! I sold 'em to help Marlene. She loves me and I love her. Finally she had a letter from her poor old mother, sayin' the mortgage would be foreclosed if Marlene couldn't wire her two hundred more pronto. I come to get it from you, figgered you was my amigo and I could count on you. But no, you been off gallivantin'. So I lost Marlene. She says she loves me best but had to get the money for her ma, so she went off with a cattle buyer. Fine friend you turned out to be!"

McElroy didn't even say anything. He lay down, rolled over, and closed his eyes, too tired to argue.

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Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

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Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,

standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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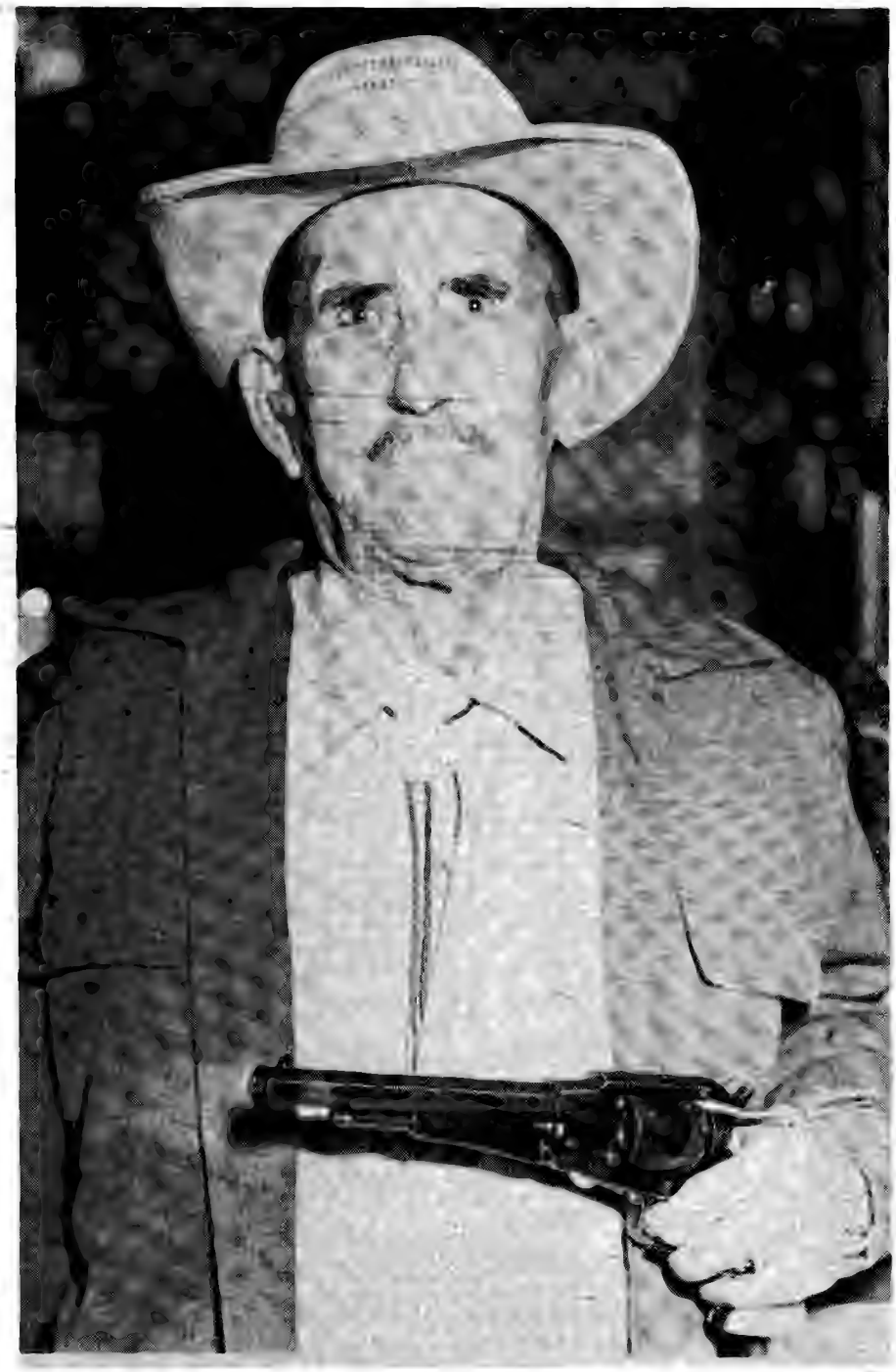
GUNS OF THE PIONEERS

They tamed a continent, forged a new nation—and never lost a war. Taste this heady, strong brew of powder, guts, and everlasting glory—

by JOHN HAINES



Charles Wilson, 94, Camp Verde, Arizona, holding Colt 6-shot cap and ball that he carried in the 1880's and 1890's.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

IT IS AN astounding fact that after the invention of the first simple black powder handgun it took five hundred years to produce the finely machined accurate handgun of today. Those centuries form a fascinating history of evolutionary development.

It has often been said that the repeating rifle won the West. From the time colonists touched Eastern shores, it was the development of rifles that helped make it possible to occupy the American continent. But the truth is that the handgun, the Western sixgun of romantic fame, played the biggest role in the westward movement of civilization in America.

Today's hard hitting, high velocity revolving pistols and automatic handguns did not come about overnight. Even those considered the product of modern times passed through their own decades of evolutionary design and experimentation.

None of the centuries old handguns would have been possible without the invention of gunpowder. Strangely, almost two centuries elapsed before the simple and easily concocted saltpeter powder was used to propel projectiles from smooth bore barrels.

The Franciscan Friar, Roger Bacon, wrote about and gave a formula for making gunpowder in 1248. Both Bacon and the German, Albertus Magnus, are sometimes credited with the discovery of gunpowder.

Bacon's popularized formula was a mixture of seven parts of saltpeter, five parts charcoal and five parts sulphur.

In the next hundred years or so the forumula became 22-4-5, until the 18th century, when what is the same as American black powder, the ingredients were changed to a mixture of 75-15-10.

By the year 1300 siege guns and shipboard cannon of short range were firing stone balls and metal with gunpowder. Then followed the rifle, a crude contrivance that had to be held by one man and fired by a second. This was the so-called matchlock, from which was developed the handgun.

The granddaddy of matchlock pistols

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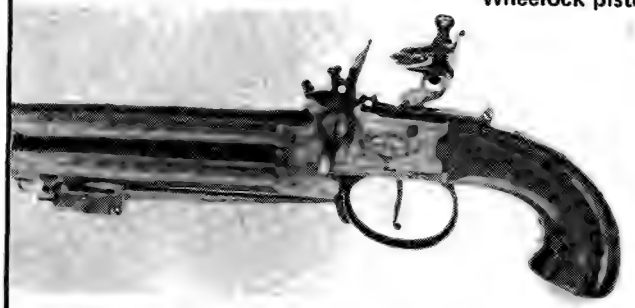
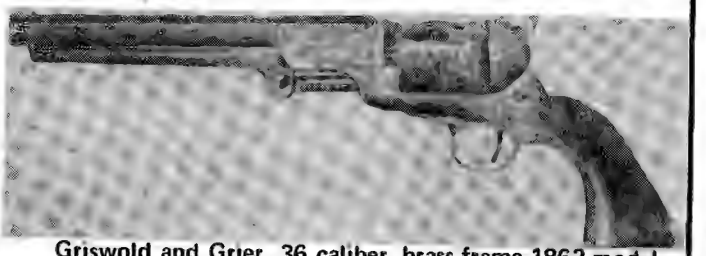
The triggerless matchlock, *Espingarda*, the forerunner of all pistols and revolvers. Brought to the western hemisphere by Christopher Columbus.

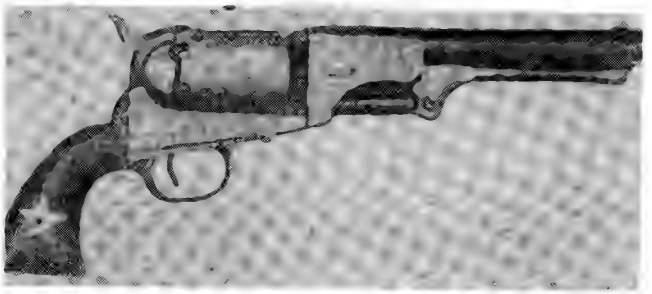
Wheelock pistol, Italian model, 1640.





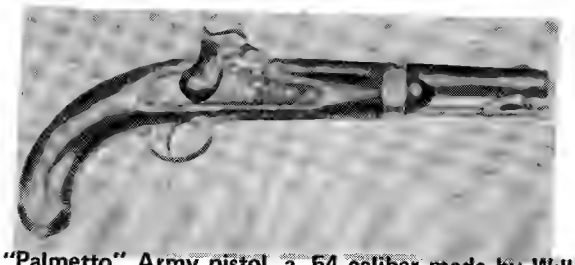
Griswold and Grier .36 caliber, brass frame 1862 model.

(Left) Double barrel flintlock pistol, .50 caliber, 1780.



.44 caliber "Colt Dragoon" made by Tucker, Sherrod and Co., in 1863 at Lancaster, Texas.

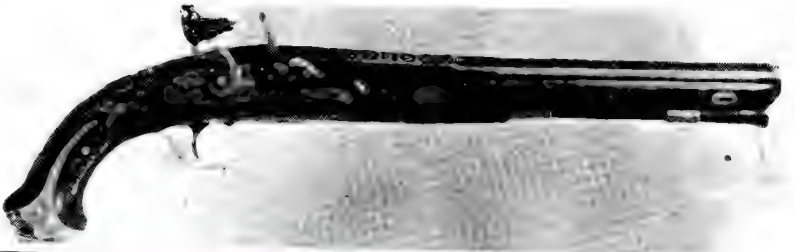
The Anderson pistol, 1864, made at Anderson, Texas.



"Palmetto" Army pistol, a .54 caliber made by William Glaze & Co., Columbia, South Carolina.

.36 caliber Colt Navy revolver, Model 1851.

(Right) An early English flintlock pistol.



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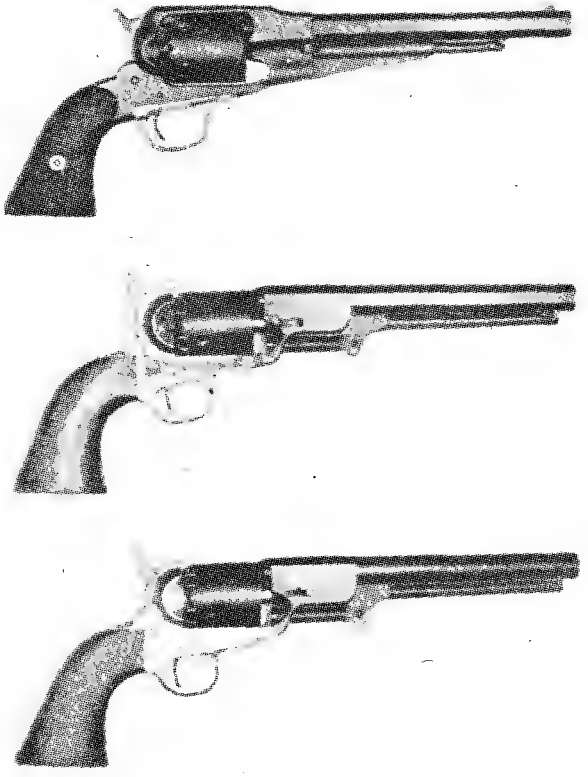
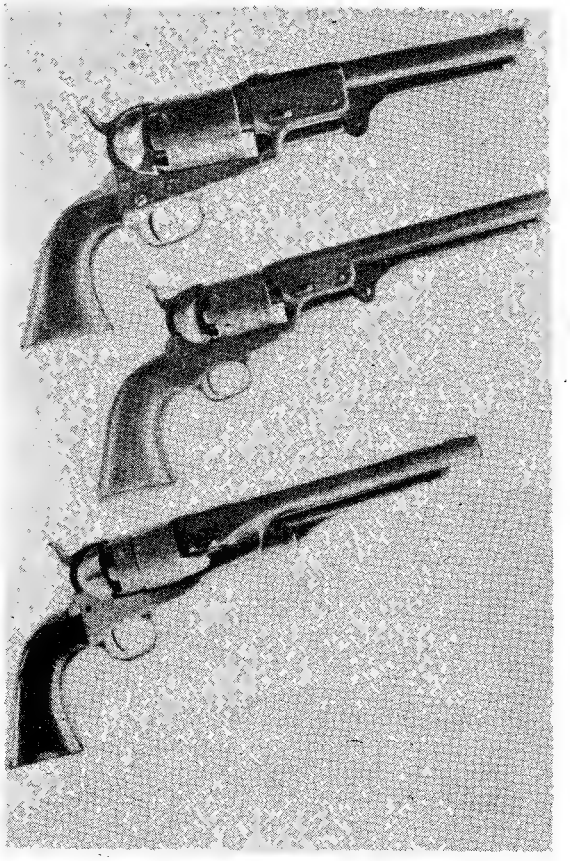


(Top) Civil War .44 caliber percussion pistol. Navy .36 caliber percussion made by Griswold and Grier.



(Top) .44 Army Dragoon pistol; Navy model .36 Colt; Army .44 caliber Colt, 1860.

was the *espingarda.* Christopher Columbus introduced them to the Western Hemisphere in 1492.

The first *espingardas* were over .50-caliber, three and a half feet long and weighed about fifteen pounds. They began as a simple barrel, then were manufactured with a kind of slot near the breech to be fastened to a clamp or pintle when in use.

Cast in bronze, the barrel was octagonal. Black powder was poured into the tube from the muzzle and a wadded ball rammed home. Fine grained powder was placed to the pan, and when ignited passed through a touch-hole to set off the barrel charge.

The 'match' was a rope of nitre-soaked twisted hemp, adulterated to burn slowly. Both ends were lighted in case one happened to go out. First used by hand, it was hard clamped in a serpentine and pivoted so that the fire hit the pan in a manner to set off the powder.

The first real step in pistol development was the wheelock. The earliest known working drawings of it appear in Leonardo de Vinci's (1452-1519) famous *Codex Atlanticus.* Its greatest pioneering production was in southern Germany and northern Italy, passing thence to England, where further improvements were added.

Some historians describe the wheelock as a tinkerer's nightmare. It consisted of upwards of fifty and more tiny moving parts. Indeed, it was a complicated device of cams, chains, bolts, nuts and springs. The wheel was cross-hatched to produce sparks, much like today's flint cigaret lighter.

However, the 'wheel' performed several functions and was a decided improvement over the matchlock. The first made were wound with a key, or spanner wrench. When in position and ready to fire, movement of the wheel opened the pan cover, or touch hole, when the spring was released by a trigger pull. The wheel revolved against a piece of iron pyrites held in a dog-clamp, producing a flurry of sparks that ignited the primer charge.

While simple in principle and a rapid firer as long as the powder charge remained dry, there were several drawbacks. If the spanner key was lost the spring mechanism could not be wound up. The wheelock was difficult and costly to repair. Although later models appeared with a self-winding key spring, they never gained much favor in Europe.

American colonists liked the wheelock, regardless of its cost. It was the weapon they used until it was supplanted by the famous flintlock. It was easier handled and a rapid fire handgun of dependable reliability, smoother action and greater safety.

The flintlock made an immediate hit with American colonists. Firearms were a matter of survival to them. Americans used them during the French and Indian wars, and the Revolution.

The flintlock was made possible by development of a spring spark striking action. Although late in reaching America, they were actually invented during the 1600's. Every European country seems to have invented a flintlock action peculiarly their own. Thus we find the nocklock—for the famous gunsmith, Henry Nock—in England, baltilock in Scandinavia, the snaphaunce (snaphance) in Germany and the miquelet in Spain and Italy.

The flintlock firing device was a piece of flint striking a piece of steel separate from the pan cover. The pan was either opened by hand or an inclusion in the lock opened it automatically. The gears operated vertically. They engaged notches in a tumbler attached to the cock. This allowed operation of the original safety device, the half-cock. The next step was the full-cock position that released the hammer instantly by a trigger pull.

Although complete proof is lacking, it appears that a Normandy clock

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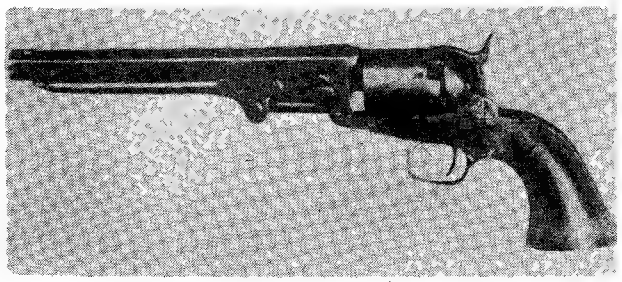
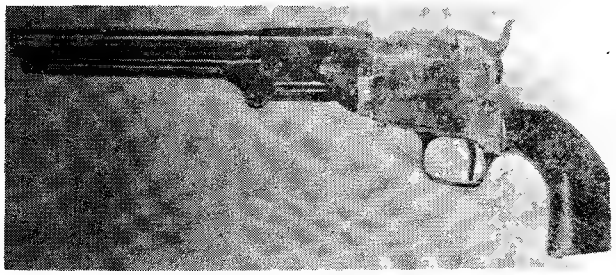
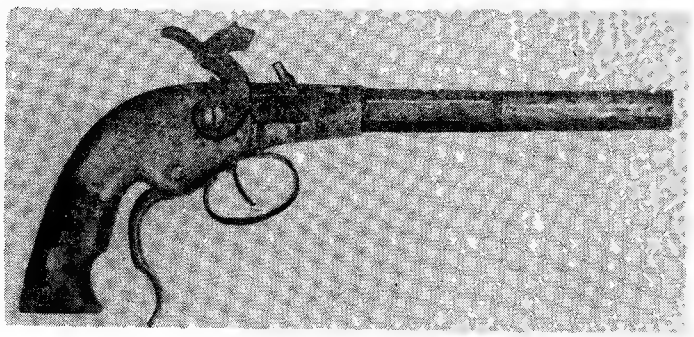


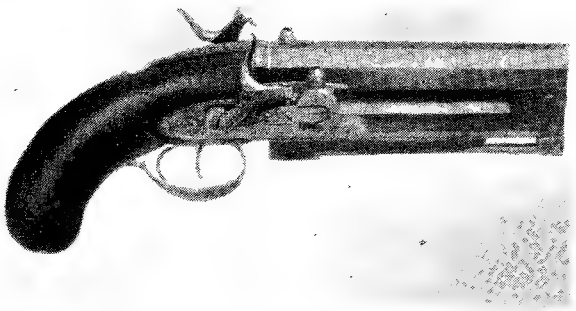
The famed Colt-Walker 5-shooter.



.36 Caliber pistol made by Rigdon, Ansley & Co., Georgia.



Single shot lever pistol, cap, and used paper cartridge.



The Alexander Forsyth pistol, two locks and magazine. The first pistol using the percussion system.

maker, Maril le Bourgeoys, and his brother Jean, actually invented the flintlock. Their first such arms were turned out about 1610. That year appears the first historical mention of them.

Adapting the Bourgeoys' flintlock, the English gunsmiths improved it in both pistol and musket. It was the London models of flintlocks that became common in New England.

As subjects of the British crown, Americans were armed with British pistols made by private gunsmiths or in government armories in England. The colonists were not permitted to develop any important industries.

But despite all restrictions gunmakers in the colonies were turning out flintlocks long before the Revolutionary War. This was done principally by German and Swedish gunsmiths who had learned the trade in their homelands.

The most noted of the American flintlock pistols are known as 'U. S. Martial Flintlock Pistols.'

They were made under contract for the colonial government and for the states by private gunmakers, and at armories located at Harpers Ferry, Virginia, and Springfield, Massachusetts.

The Congress passed a law in 1777 that all arms manufactured for the government must be stamped 'United States.' However, some pistols were not so marked at all, others with 'U. States', or merely 'U. S.'.

By 1799 flintlock pistols were being turned out in profusion. They were made in many types and models. Designated by several names, many were destined for fame as to that particular weapon.

One of the best—around that time—was manufactured by North and Cheney, a smooth bore, of .69-caliber. The barrel length was eight and a half inches and 14 and a half inches over all. It weighed three pounds, four ounces. The trigger guard, frame and butt cap was brass.

Its general lines were those of the French Army model of 1777, but with a longer barrel and vastly improved firing mechanism.

This company, begun by Simeon North, Middleton, Connecticut and soon joined by his brother-in-law, Elisha Cheney, a clock maker, contracted with the government for pistols and manufactured the first regular issue pistol.

In 1799 North and Cheney contracted with the government for 20,000 pistols of various models and calibers of 'horse pistols'—for mounted troops—and boarding pistols for the Navy. In addition they made matched sets of duelling pistols, .50-caliber.

The 1805 Harpers Ferry U. S. Pistol was a smooth bore, .54-caliber with a round ten and a half inch barrel fastened to a wooden stock.

Private gunmakers also turned out the same model for civilian use. The barrel was pin-fastened to a stock running almost the entire length.

Contractors O. and E. Evans produced a .69-caliber pistol of improved design on the French Cavalry model of 1800. Having an 8 and three-quarter inch round barrel it was fourteen and a half inches overall, and marked 'Evans' on the lock plate.

The Evans firm was composed of two brothers, Owen and Edward. They lived in Evansburg, Pennsylvania but seem to have manufactured their pistols in Philadelphia. Strangely enough, there is very little historical information about them. By 1820 they were no longer in business.

Samuel North of North Berlin, Connecticut, who stamped his pistols 'S. North,' manufactured the U. S. Model 1808. Of .64-caliber, smooth bore, ten inch round barrel, it was pinned to a stock to within one quarter inch of the muzzle. Its total length was sixteen and a quarter inches; it weighed two pounds, fourteen ounces, and had no sights.

North's 1811 model for the Army was .69-caliber, smooth bore, round barrel eight and a half inches long, overall fifteen inches, had a walnut stock fitted almost to the muzzle and had a belt hook. The barrel was banded

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to the stock with wide double straps.

The martial pistols found their way into civilian hands, and were carried west by the mountain men and explorers. North's pistols were the most sought after.

Due to the loudly expressed disapproval of tax-paying citizens, the manufacture of military pistols was transferred from Samuel North to the Springfield Armory, where the 1817 model was produced. Of .69-caliber, round barrel, smooth bore, eleven inches long, it was strapped to the stock. Fitted with a brass sight, it had a lock plate and a blunt rear end.

After government production of handguns proved most unsatisfactory, North was again contracted to make pistols for the U. S. government, in 1819. Smooth bore, .54-caliber, the Army model had a ten inch round barrel with a brass muzzle sight. The Navy model had an eight and a half inch round barrel and lacked the safety device in the cocking of those delivered to the Army.

North manufactured the Model 1826, .54-caliber, smooth bore, with a brown barrel secured to the stock by a single spring fastened band. It was fitted with a muzzle brass sight for both the Army and Navy.

Since North could not make all the pistols to meet military requirements, W. L. Evans also manufactured the 1826 model. Of the same caliber the round, smooth bore barrel was eight and a half inches long and thirteen and a quarter inch overall. With a bright sight on the muzzle, it weighed two pounds, four ounces. Those for the Navy had 'U. S. N.' stamped behind the hammer and 'W. L. Evans' in front of it.

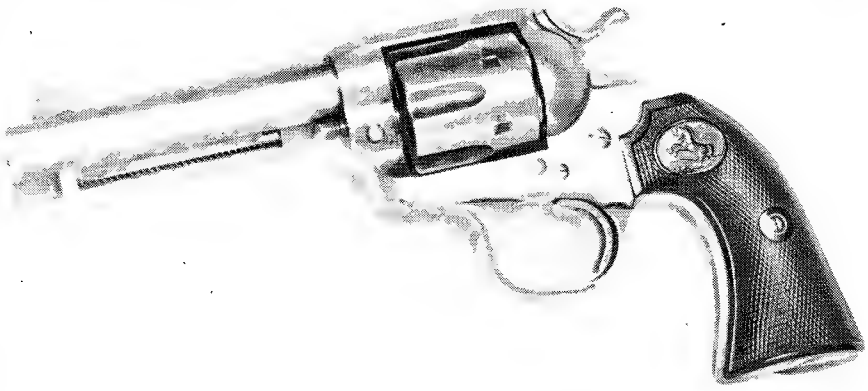
This Evans was the son of Owen Evans, and learned gunsmithing from his father. To his caliber .54 was added a swivel ramrod, a shorter barrel but no hammer safety catch.

Pistols marked 'R. Johnson, Middleton, Conn.' were made by the brothers Robert and John. D. Johnson. Their famous one was the U. S. Army model 1836. A smooth bore of .54-caliber, the round barrel was eight and a half inches long and of bright finish. The overall length was fourteen and a quarter inches. It weighed two pounds, ten ounces and was brass mounted.

Flintlock pistols similar to those of Johnson manufacture were duplicated by another firm, marked on the lock plate either 'A. Waters, Milbury, Ms.,' or 'A. H. Waters & Co., Milbury, Mass.' and also stamped with the date.

There were many small firms making pistols during this period, but these manufacturers were the most important of the truly American flintlocks. These handguns were used during the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and in most of the Indian campaigns.

Caliber .44-40 single action colt was carried by deputy marshal Ben Wheeler.



A modern .45 Colt's sixgun, single action. (Ford McElroy collection)

A new weapon and a larger variety of pistols was just ahead.

The amazingly accurate Kentucky pistol is distinct from all others. It was so-called after the famed Kentucky rifle. Very few knew that the Kentucky rifle and pistol was not made in Kentucky or Tennessee. They received the name because Daniel Boone and other frontiersmen of the time favored it above all other firearms for use in the wilderness.

A flintlock until about 1825, then percussion, the Kentucky pistol was manufactured by at least a score of private gunsmiths in Pennsylvania and a small section of Maryland.

This pistol varied widely in caliber and was essentially a miniature Kentucky rifle with its hard-hitting, distance carrying ability. A full stock extended to the muzzle. It contained the same component parts, trigger guard, ramrod thimble, muzzle cap, and so on, identical with the rifle.

A Presbyterian minister in Scotland, Alexander Forsyth, invented the percussion lock in 1807. The most important discovery after the invention of gunpowder, it laid the foundation for the eventual development of the metallic cartridge, fast breech loading, repeating arms and automatic fire.

The principal of the percussion lock was simple. Fulminate of mercury struck a sharp blow exploded and ignited the gunpowder. The fulminate, not always mercury, was enclosed in a copper cup, a 'cap' called a primer.

When conversion of other arms to the new lock followed, the flintlock mechanism was removed from the gun. A steel tube 'nipple'—from which comes the reference to titlock—was driven into the hole in the breech end of the barrel that carried fire to the powder charge through the pan.

The awkward jaws of the flintlock hammer were removed. This piece was altered to a hammer firing pin resembling that of modern weapons. The cap—primer—was seated in the nipple. Struck a quick blow by the steel hammer pin, it exploded to fire the powder charge.

The caplock relieved all worry of the danger of wind or rain ruining the priming powder a distinct advantage.

(Continued on page 58)

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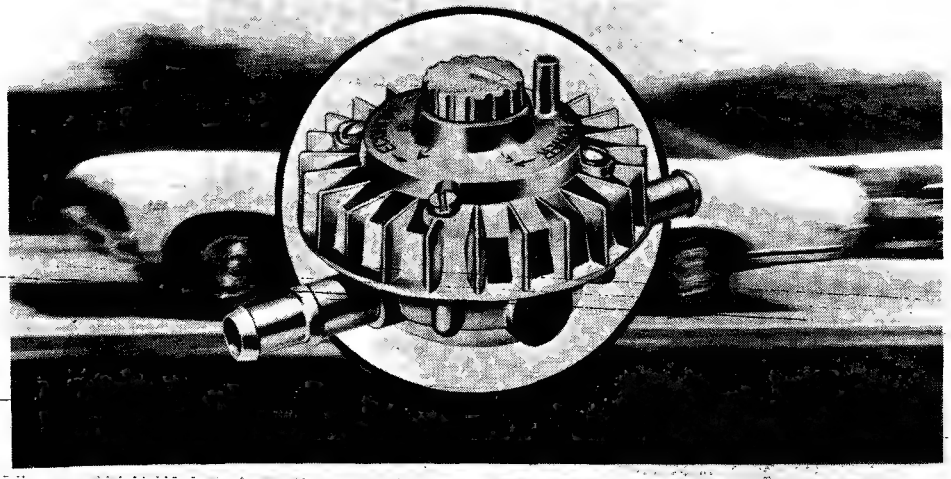
SAVES UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR!

And Gives You Up To 25% More Horsepower Doing It!

How? By eliminating "Fuel-Pump Slop-Over"! And thus feeding your car up to 25% LESS gas (as much as two gallons an hour in heavy stop-and-go driving) . . . *at the same exact time that it gives you up to 25% MORE Horsepower doing it! Like this . . .*

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU? Just this—

- **Up to 8 miles MORE per gallon—INSTANTLY!**
- **Jackrabbit starts—INSTANTLY!**
- **Skyrocket passing power—INSTANTLY!**
- **Up to 10 miles more per hour top speed—INSTANTLY!**
- **And up to $100 a year savings on your repair bills alone—INSTANTLY . . . and for as long as you drive that car!**



What does it cost you? Less than a new set of spark plugs! Less than five cents for every dollar you can save on gas bills THIS YEAR ALONE!

And how does it work? As simple as this—

Stops Your Fuel-Pump From Over-Feeding Your Engine One Minute . . . And Starving It The Next!

Your car, like every other car, stores its gasoline in a gas tank . . . and then draws that gas out of that tank and feeds it to your engine with a fuel pump. This fuel pump was invented over fifty years ago! It is a mechanical idiot! It has no brain—just a pump! And therefore, it always feeds your engine THE SAME EXACT AMOUNT OF GASOLINE, whether you're stopped dead in traffic . . . or spurting past another car at eighty mile an hour!

Think about it for a moment! The way gas is fed into your engine today, when you're pulled up for a light your engine is being flooded with gas that it can't possibly burn! (That's why stop-and-go driving is so incredibly expensive—because most of your gas goes right out the tailpipe.) Then when you pick up speed again to turn onto a highway, your engine is still wasting a little less gas at 20 miles an hour . . . wasting a little less gas at 30 miles an hour . . . and finally getting just the right amount of gas for top performance at about 40 or 50 miles an hour!

And then, if you go over 50 miles an hour . . . if you really want to zoom away at 60, 70 or 80 . . . or if you need "instant-muscle" to flash away from another car on a curve . . . then your "idiot fuel pump" STILL gives you the same exact amount of gas it fed you when you were going 40 miles an hour LESS—and leaves you puffing and puffing with your neck stuck out, as though that car was 20 years old and carrying a ton of cement!

IT COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE ON A BAD CURVE! IT DOES COST YOU UP TO $100 A YEAR ON WASTED GAS ALONE! AND IT CAN ALL BE CORRECTED— IN JUST FIVE MINUTES WITH A SCREWDRIVER—LIKE THIS . . .

Now, just picture the startling difference with this ED ALMQUIST MINI-INJECTOR on your engine—

As you can see by the photo above, the MINI-INJECTOR is small enough to hold in your hand. It slips right on to your engine, between the fuel pump and the carburetor. A 12-year-old boy can put it on perfectly, using nothing more than a screwdriver, even if he never opened the hood before. But once he's done . . . and once you switch on that engine again . . . you're going to HEAR the difference—and FEEL the difference—from the very first second that engine ROARS to life again.

Yes! ROARS to life again! Because this is a NEW TYPE OF ENGINE you're driving with from now on! An engine that operates at absolute top gas-power every single driving second! THAT DOESN'T GET ONE DROP OF GAS IT DOESN'T NEED . . . AND DOESN'T WASTE ONE OUNCE OF POWER THAT IT CAN DELIVER TO YOUR WHEELS!

And this fact shows up for you the instant you start your car! Because—even on freezing mornings—your key is hardly in the switch before that engine is purring with power! Why? Because now there's no gas-flood at all. The walls of that cold engine aren't being choked up with raw gas that keeps the spark from catching fire . . . and that then drains out into your tailpipe, exactly as though you poured it right on the ground!

Now at this time—YOUR ENGINE ITSELF SIGNALS TO THE MINI-INJECTOR EXACTLY HOW MUCH GAS IT NEEDS TO START! And the MINI-INJECTOR tells the fuel pump to deliver JUST THAT AMOUNT OF GAS, AND NOT ONE DROP MORE!

You're off in less time than it takes a second passenger to close the door! And you're about to take the most thrilling ride of your entire driving life!

You Would Never Have Believed That Your Engine Could Deliver Power Like This! AND ALL AT A SAVING OF ONE GALLON OUT OF EVERY FIVE!

Now pull into the street and start cruising up to the first traffic light. You'll notice instantly that your foot sits lighter on the pedal . . . that your engine sounds silken-smooth . . . that it's practically floating up to that light, even though it was stone-cold only a few short seconds ago.

There's no coughing, or stalling or bucking—even in those first few cold minutes. And when you pull up to the light, and put your foot on the brake, your engine will tone right down to a contented purr. It will be quieter than you've ever heard it before, without the slightest shiver in the rest of the car itself. Because now that engine is NOT trying to spit out excess gas! Not trying to jerk away from your brake! NOT letting you know every waiting second that you're pouring money out of its tailpipe!

Now the light changes to green. Wait a second, and then carefully place your foot back on the gas pedal. Make sure to give it LESS pressure—THIS TIME—than you ever did before! BECAUSE THAT FOOT IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE BLAST-OFF POWER FROM THAT CAR THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO GETTING USED TO IT!

Prove It At The Lights! Prove It On The Hills! PROVE IT ON THE HIGHWAY— BY FLOATING RIGHT PAST OTHER CARS WHEN YOU WANT TO!

From that moment on, driving becomes a totally new experience for you! Because your car suddenly acts like an athlete—instead of a fat overfed fool!

Now you're not fouling that car with too much gas, 80 per cent of the time! Now you're not splashing your plugs . . . eating away your valves . . . corroding your cylinders . . . or draining power out of your engine for every mile you drive!

Now, instead, for perhaps the first time in your life, you are sitting behind the kind of lean, tough, instant-response engine that only sports-car drivers knew before! An engine that flattens hills right down at the merest touch of your foot! That takes off screaming at the lights whenever you want to . . . leaves other cars sitting behind you, choking in your dust!

An engine that simply glides past other cars at 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 miles an hour—whenever you want to walk away from them! And that has so much reserve power left that you KNOW that there's no jam you can get into on the highway that it can't zoom you right out of at the lightest touch of your foot!

And—most important of all—STILL USING EVERY THRILL-PACKED SECOND ONLY THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THAT IT NEEDS AT THAT INSTANT—AND NOT ONE SINGLE DROP MORE! So that the gas savings pile up—day after day . . . week after week . . . month after month! Till you've put a $20 bill back in your pocket . . . a $50 bill back in your pocket . . . a $100 bill back in your pocket—all from a simple little "engine-brain" that costs you originally less than a single set of spark plugs!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

Here's how it saves you up to one gallon out of every five—at the same time that it gives you the most power-packed ride of your life!

Think of this MINI-INJECTOR as having two main parts. The first is a "Miniature brain." And the second is an extra fuel pump connected right on to the brain.

Now, what happens when you put this MINI-INJECTOR onto your car is this: The miniature brain automatically senses the exact amount of gas your engine needs at every driving second (it does this by measuring the vacuum pressure within that engine from second to second).

Your fuel pump, on the other hand, has no such measuring device. So it never knows how much gas your engine really needs. So it simply delivers the same amount of gas to that engine, no matter how hard, or how easy that engine is working!

But now MINI-INJECTOR Takes over! And if your fuel pump is delivering TOO MUCH gas to that engine, MINI-INJECTOR blocks that extra gas with its own fuel pump—sends it back and holds it under compression until your carburetor calls for more gas!

Or, when your fuel pump is delivering TOO LITTLE gas to your engine (for example, when it's a life-or-death case of passing another car on a curve), MINI-INJECTOR skyrockets its own fuel pump into action, and shoots in that extra gas your engine needs. THE VERY SECOND IT NEEDS IT!

So you save the money you want—and you get the power you need—EVERY MINUTE YOU DRIVE!

Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk, today!

Prove Every Word Of It At Our Risk! Far More Power On Far Less Gas From The Very First Second—Or We Send Every Cent Of Your Money Back!

And what's the cost for all this performance and all these savings? Only $11.98 complete—less than this MINI-INJECTOR can save you in your very first month!

And you try it entirely at our risk! Just slip it on, and measure the results! Either you're thrilled from the very first take-off—or every cent of your money back!

No ifs, ands or buts! It works for YOU, or it costs you nothing! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon . . . today!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MINI-INJECTOR, Dept. *LZG-11*
50 Bond St., Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Yes, I want to try your revolutionary new mini-injector entirely at your risk.

☐ I am enclosing only $11.98 to cover full costs at this time. I will try it on my car for one month at your risk. If it does not do *everything* you say, I will then return it to you for every cent of my money back *at once*.

CAR MAKE _____

MODEL _____ YEAR _____ # CYL. ____

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ *Zip* _____

☐ *If you wish your order sent C.O.D.*, check here. Send only $1.00 now as good-will deposit. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. charges. Same full money-back guarantee, of course.

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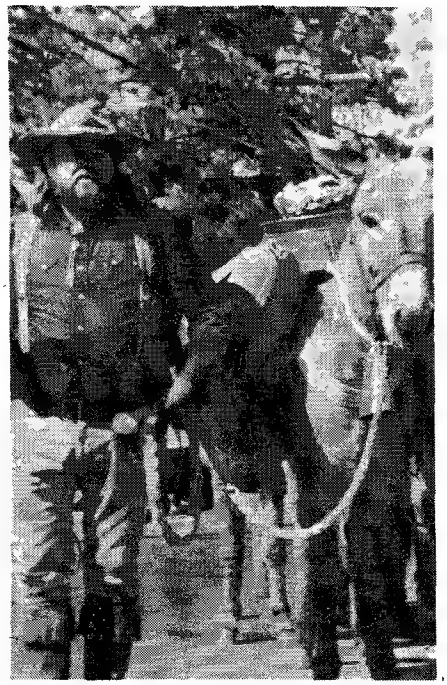
DEATH UNDER THE NEEDLE'S EYE



BY JOHN CODY

MYSTERIOUS AND BROODING, THE WEAVER'S NEEDLE HAS LURED MANY TO THEIR DEATH AS THEY SEARCHED FOR THE LOST DUTCHMAN AND FOR OTHER MINES.

AMONG THE most baffling mysteries on the American Continent are the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, with their unsolved deaths, fabulous gold deposits and challenging secrets.

Sun-baked, blistering, sometimes stinking and stale from bad water and rotting carcasses, the Superstitions lie some thirty five miles east of Phoenix. The Conquistadores led by de Guzman referred to them as the *Sierra de la Espuma* because from a distance their formations of mineralized clay appeared to be bubbling up in a foamy array.

The jagged peaks, piercing the desert sky, have the aspect of snaggle teeth. To the savage Indians once inhabiting the untamed mountains they were the fangs of a legendary monster.

Many and varied are the strange, fanciful tales that have grown up around the Superstitions since civilized man began to challenge their mysterious depths. The best known, of course, is the century-old mystery of Jacob Woltz and his Lost Dutchman Mine.

Somewhere, within a radius of five devastating, man-killing miles of Weaver's Needle, the highest peak, lies the Lost Dutchman. With a partner, Jake Weiser, Woltz hit it big in 1870 under the eye of the Needle. Jumped by Cheery Cow (Chiricahau) Apaches and virtually pin-cushioned with arrows, Woltz made it to Fort McDowell carrying Weiser on his back along with a packsack crammed with fist-sized gold nuggets. Weiser died, leaving Woltz alone with the coveted secret.

It was first thought that Woltz and his partner had found a lost City of Cibola in the Superstitions, so sought-after by the Spanish Conquistadores. If Woltz had located the mythical city

Men and women both have been lured by the fabulous wealth hidden in the *Superstition Mountains*. Big Nose Kate (left, above) of Tombstone bordello fame, once trekked with Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp into the rugged terrain in search of the Lost Dutchman bonanza. Pegleg Smith (center) braved starvation and thirst, fought Indians and ate two of his dogs in his futile effort. (Photo Courtesy Skyway PhotoTronics). Doc Holliday (left, below) himself never quite gave up, and often grabstaked prospectors in hopes of sharing the famed fortune.

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The trails leading to the Superstition Mountains are littered with the bones of the dead. Men killed each other, often only to die themselves in the vast wasteland (sketches courtesy of Harolds Club, Reno).

with streets paved of gold nuggets and houses walled with silver, he wasn't talking.

Woltz claimed he could not remember where he found his nuggets. Because Woltz had emigrated from Germany in 1865, his discovery was named The Lost Dutchman Mine. To this very day it has not been re-located. But Lorenzo D. Walters, cavalryman, soldier, writer, historian and frontier lawman for many years around Phoenix and Tuscon, told this writer of knowing Woltz personally.

"Jake moved into a shack on the outskirts of Phoenix," Mr. Walters said. "I got to know him pretty well as a police officer in the early days. Every so often he would vanish from his Phoenix haunts and when he returned he lived like a king, having visited his lost mine to replenish his spending money. Men tracked him into the Superstitions. They never returned. The eye of Weaver's Needle alone witnessed what happened to them. Woltz merely grinned when questioned."

The name of Pegleg Smith is also legendary in mining circles of Arizona. Robert Harrison Smith, "The Prospector Known as Pegleg Smith," now resides in Paradise, California. Before moving there to prospect some of Northern California placer streams, he mined widely over the Southwest, including the Superstitions of Arizona.

While searching diligently for the Lost Dutchman and dodging Apaches all the while, he found himself out of food. He ate two of his dogs and was eying the third hungrily when the canine flushed a chuckwalla from under a rocky overhang. The huge lizard was eaten instead and saved the dog's life—and Smith's. Pegleg was luckier than many others who tried to find the Lost Dutchman Mine.

In his "Arizona Under The Sun," author Oren Arnold tells of men who came close to solving the riddle of the Superstitions. "I have watched every human desire melt in the heat of gold fever," he wrote. "Many hopefuls came to search and found only tragedy. When their bodies are found, the sheriff will tell you that they are victims of thirst, exhaustion, injury or foul play."

Charlie Williams was caught in a blizzard in the Superstitions, continues Arnold. He staggered out, more dead than alive. In his fist he clutched sticks of gleaming gold. Men searched for months thereafter, but failed to find the source of Charlie's gold.

Angelo Mangino went into the Superstitions looking for rocks to build a fireplace in his home along the Gila River. He liked one in particular and placed it on the mantel as a curiosity. Later a visitor and former miner eyed the rock the size of a cocoanut. He accidentally dropped it on the hearth. It shattered. An assay revealed to the astounded Mangino that his rock specimen was valued at $70,000 to the ton! He hadn't the slightest memory of where he had picked it up. His frantic searchings went for nothing.

For Dick Holmes, the search was even more frustrating. A friend of Jake Walsh's, he once went to the Dutchman's aid when sickness plagued him.

To Holmes, the only real friend he ever had and in whom he placed utmost trust, Woltz whispered the location of the lost mine. It was supposedly camoflaged under heaps of rocks and timbers. Atop the heap he had planted a large cactus to further conceal it with an appearance to match the surroundings.

He presented Holmes with an old map and some walnut-sized nuggets worth $8,000. Then he died.

Needless to say that Holmes spent the balance of his life searching for the Lost Dutchman. The silent Superstitions

PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

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refused to yield their secret. Holmes followed Woltz in death. His son, Brown Holmes, continued the search. He was no more successful than his father, despite the worn, tattered map he inherited.

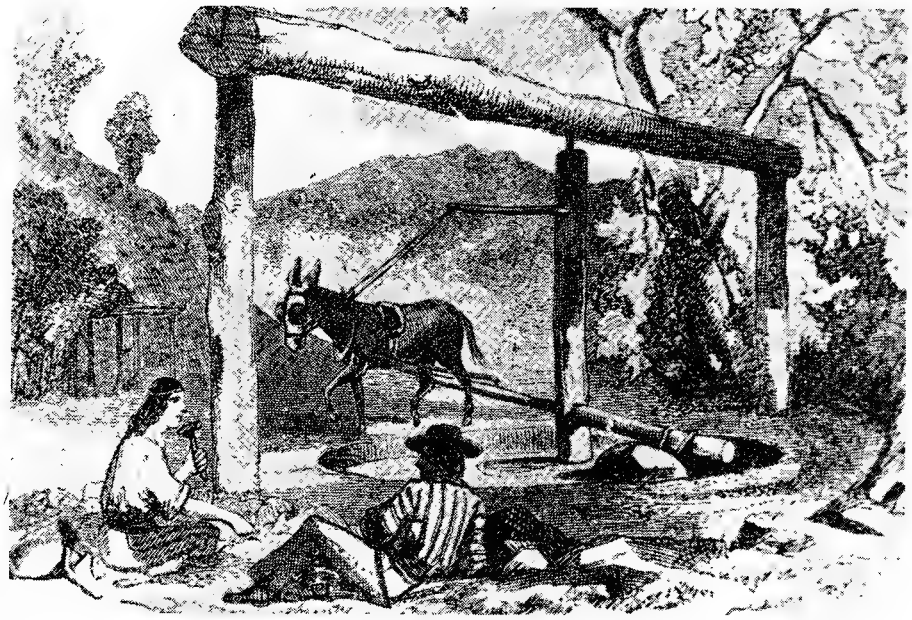
He discovered no such place as Woltz described. The elements had changed the contour of the terrain. High winds deposited sand and tumble weeds over the area, creating shifting dunes.

Holmes came out of the Superstitions more lucky than Adolf Ruth. He came out alive.

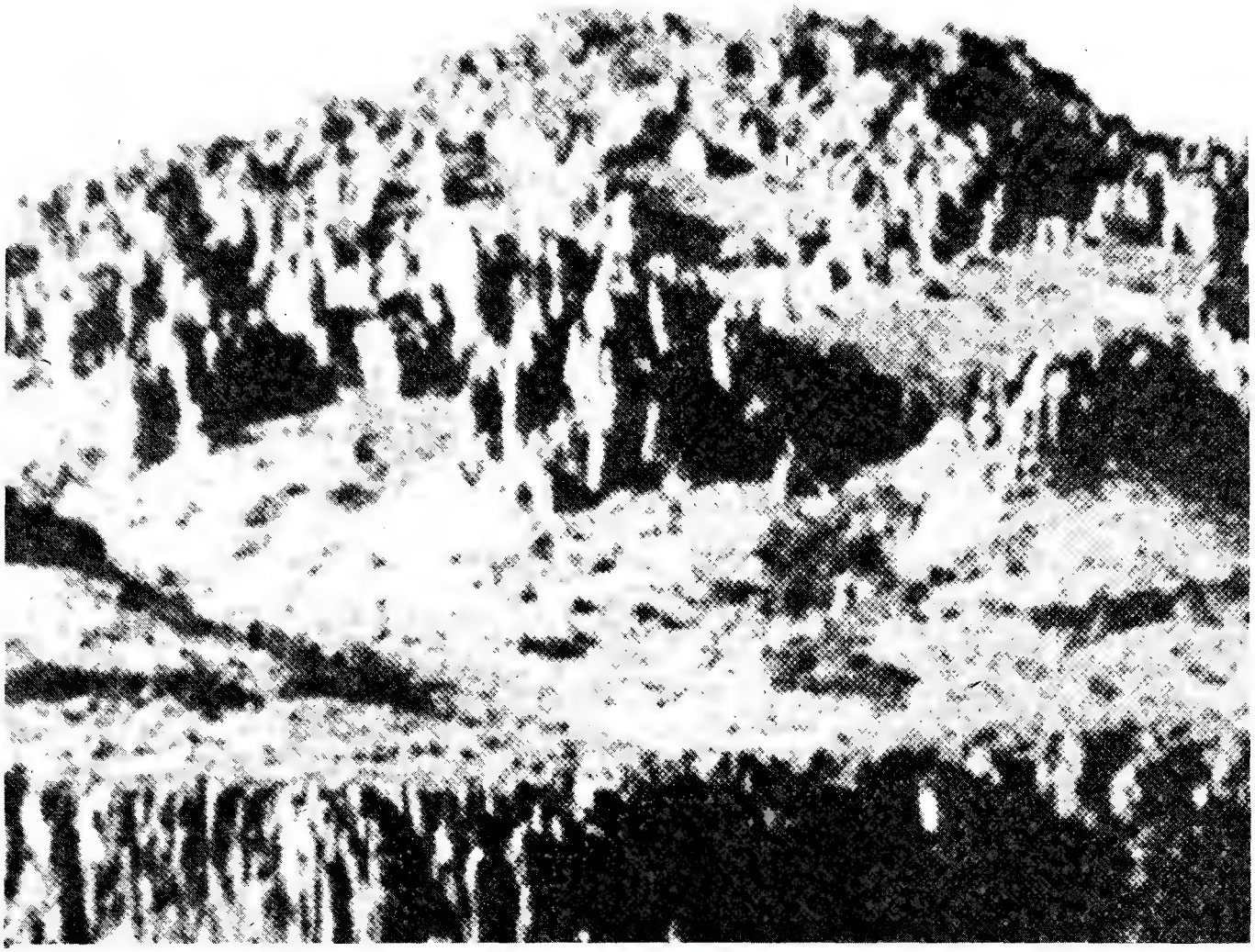
Ruth went looking for the Lost Dutchman. Months later his skull was found, pierced by a bullet. He was followed by a Meyer Schuelbetz, among others. Then Dave O'Hara went into the maw of the Superstitions.

How many men died there is not authentically known. Arnold declares some eight thousand people a year search the Superstitions for the Lost Dutchman even to this day.

It still remains a riddle There is no known cure for gold fever. As long as the secret remains. There will also always be men who will try to solve it.



The Superstitions have long proven a source of gold. Indians and later the Spaniards tried to extract the wealth. The *arrasta* pictured above was only one method used by the Spaniards to separate riches from the ore.



Though countless men have died, and disappeared, the Superstition Mountains have never yielded up their treasure.

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THE FASTER BULLET

BY G. M. FARLEY

Cabell killed for the pleasure of it ---his wife would be next to die.

LLOYD CABELL was going to kill again. Mary could tell it as she watched him sitting at the table eating his evening meal. She had watched it coming upon him, taking control as it had a dozen times over the seven years of their marriage. It always built slowly and there never seemed to be a reason. The mood, the demon, rose from somewhere to enslave him until it became his absolute master. Then Lloyd Cabell became a murderer. He *had* to kill.

Lloyd was a good worker. Mary had to agree to that. He was making the ranch pay and they had money in the town bank. Her clothes were decent though not fine. But the Cabells were not respected in Wet Branch.

Cabell glanced at the shuttered window and gripped his mug of coffee as the wail of the wind sounded outside. Perhaps, Mary thought, the wind sounded like the souls of the men he had murdered. He turned his head to stare at her, and his eyes had changed.

"Roger Mahoney stole my saddle mare," he growled, half to himself. "I found her in his pasture this morning."

"But, Lloyd, Mr. Mahoney—" Mary began.

Cabell half rose from his chair and turned glistening eyes toward her.

"I'm sorry, Lloyd. I'm sorry," she begged. "I—I was just—"

"Just keep your mouth shut," Cabell shouted at the trembling woman. "Mahoney stole my mare, whether you believe it or not. You know what that means in this country."

She stepped back. "Yes. Lloyd."

"What? What does it mean?"

"It—it means—Oh, Lloyd, don't make me say it."

He slammed the half empty coffee mug on the table.

"Say it!" he cried between clenched teeth. "Go on, Mary. Tell me what it means."

"They—they hang horse thieves, Lloyd. Only—" The woman hesitated.

"You're right, Mary," Cabell mumbled. "You're right. They hang horse thieves. I save them the cost of a trial."

"Lloyd, please," Mary begged.

"What?" he yelled, rising again. "You take up for that thieving coward? Mary, is there something I don't know about? His wife is failing in health, you know."

"No. Lloyd. I swear it," Mary answered in a weak voice. "I swear there is nothing, Lloyd. I haven't even seen the man for months, and only then when he came to talk to you about digging an irrigation ditch."

"I'll find out, woman," Cabell growled, and seated himself again. "He stole my horse, and I can't pass that by lightly. A man has a job to do in times like this."

Mary shook her head and fought to control the tears that stung her eyes.

"Roger Mahoney is a horse thief," Cabell snarled, "and he's got to pay. He'll be here soon, and he'll pay."

Mary did not dare ask the crazed man what he meant. Somehow she found strength to go to the table and gather the dishes. Her hands trembled until she almost dropped them.

"Yeah," Cabell continued. "He'll be here soon and I'll be waiting for him. I brought his blaze face mare home with me. Found her wandering loose and brought her home. He'll come tracking her in a little while and I'll be in the barn waiting."

So that was her husband's plan. Mahoney would walk into a trap, into certain death. Tracks? No, not really. The wind-driven snow would have hid the tracks by this time.

"I walked that horse on the leeward side of the brush and trees, even down one arroyo," Cabell was saying. "The tracks will last a long time there, and come feeding time Mahoney will start hunting. It'll take him about an hour to get here because all his other horses are out in the pasture. He'll have to catch one or walk, and he ain't likely to walk in this weather, not Roger Mahoney. I'll be ready and waiting."

In a desperate move Mary reached for her coat.

"Where are you going?" asked Cabell.

"For some wood, Lloyd."

"I'll get it. You're not leaving this house. So there's nothing between you, eh? But you're going to warn him, ain't you?" Cabell grabbed Mary's bare arm and whirled her around. He shook her savagely. "You're not going anywhere. I'll get the firewood, and then I'll kill that horse-thieving, cheating coward."

He went out without his coat or hat and soon returned leaving snowy tracks across the floor. He dumped the wood

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into the woodbox with a crash. Mary could not look at him. His eyes were terrible, glazed, their cold blue seeming to pierce her instead of looking at her. She trembled when she remembered the other times she had seen them like this.

One time it had been a seventeen-year-old boy that Lloyd had taunted into reaching for his gun. Another time it had been an old prospector that had jostled him at a bar. Every time he had managed to stay within the bounds of the law.

"Lloyd," Mary said, her voice scarcely above a whisper, "the law won't stand for you shooting a man who comes for his horse."

"That will be taken care of," he growled. "After Mahoney has paid for his crime, I'll take the horse back and then I'll wipe out the first tracks while the wind and snow takes care of the rest."

Mary Cabell wiped the dishes dry saying nothing and put them in the cupboard.

"It's almost time, woman," Cabell said, a peculiar note of triumph in his coarse voice: "Blow out the light. I'm going to wait in here instead of the barn, and when he comes out of the barn I'll shoot him."

Mary, in fearful obedience, blew out the lamp. A few flickering rays from the stove played on the rough ceiling. One rosy beam had found her husband's face, and Mary shuddered at what she saw. She was afraid, terribly afraid, and entirely helpless.

The wind moaned beneath the eaves and rose to a strange, deathlike wail. Mary wanted to scream with it, to leap to her feet, to beat her fists into that evil, leering face, to run into the night and scream a warning. She could not move. Her body seemed frozen, and yet it trembled violently.

Time seemed to stand still for the terrified woman. She watched in fascinated horror as Cabell checked his revolver, then suddenly tense, his hand gripping the butt of the uncocked gun.

"He's here," he rasped into the silence. "If he knocks don't make a sound. If you do I'll use this gun on you, too."

Mary heard the squeak of leather as Mahoney dismounted, heard, as if in a nightmare, the rattle of bits as the horse shook its head. Then Mahoney knocked at the door.

"Cabell," he called, "you home?"

Complete silence greeted his entreaty.

After a few seconds Mary heard his boots crunching the snow as he walked toward the barn. She looked at her husband's face. It seemed to gloat in an awful anticipation of the sudden death that would soon shatter the winter night. And Mary dared not move.

"Here he comes," Cabell whispered, and a smile, awful to look upon, spread across his countenance. Slowly he rose to his feet and silently walked to the door. It swung open and Mary prayed that it would make some sound to warn Mahoney. But it did not, and her husband stood silhouetted against the gray snow. She saw him raise the gun and step into the yard.

"That will be far enough, Mahoney," Cabell's voice rasped. "I've caught you, you sneaking horse thief."

"It's my horse, Lloyd," Mahoney replied with but little concern in his voice. "I tracked her here in the snow. I can't figure how she got out of the corral, but I'm sure grateful to you for putting her up."

"You're a horse thief, Mahoney," Cabell cried in a tone that could leave no doubt as to his feelings. "I'm going to save the town the expense of a trial. I'm going to put a bullet through you."

"Lloyd," Mahoney gasped, "you can't be serious."

Cabell took a long step which carried him to within a dozen feet of Mahoney. Mary could hear his hoarse breathing.

"I'm going to kill you, Mahoney," he snarled. "If you've got a gun, reach for it."

"Of course, I have a gun, Lloyd, but I'm not going to draw it. Man, you're my neighbor, a friend. You can't be serious. What in the world is wrong with you tonight?"

"There's nothing wrong with me. It's you. You've stole my horse and tried to steal my wife, and I've caught up with you."

"You're crazy, man," Mahoney replied, almost savagely. "You're out of your mind to say something like that. Now put that gun away. I'm going home."

"You're staying right here, Mahoney, and you're staying dead. I'll count to three and then you better have a gun in your hand, or I'll shoot anyhow."

What strange fascination held Mary as she heard her husband begin to count? Had she heard the voice without seeing the man she would not have recognized it.

"One," Cabell drawled, and his voice was like the edge of a knife. "Better reach, Mahoney. This is not a joke."

"I'll not draw, Lloyd," replied Mahoney with emotion.

"Two!" Cabell's voice rasped. "One more, Mahoney, one more."

Mary could stand it no longer. "*Lloyd!*" she screamed, and her voice sounded far away.

Lloyd Cabell whirled, swinging the gun to bear on Mary. His face was contorted with hatred and anger. At that moment she saw Roger Mahoney move.

"I'll kill you, Mary," Cabell yelled. "I'm going to kill you, and then this—"

Mahoney's gun roared and a streak of flame lanced toward the killer. Mary screamed again as she watched her husband crumple into the snow. Then she stumbled across the room and collapsed against the bed. And as darkness began to take possession of her mind there came a peaceful realization that all was well now, that there would be no more cruel beatings, and no more terrible hours of dread while she waited for Lloyd Cabell to claim another victim. The killer was dead at last.

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Amber's Mirage

BY ZANE GREY

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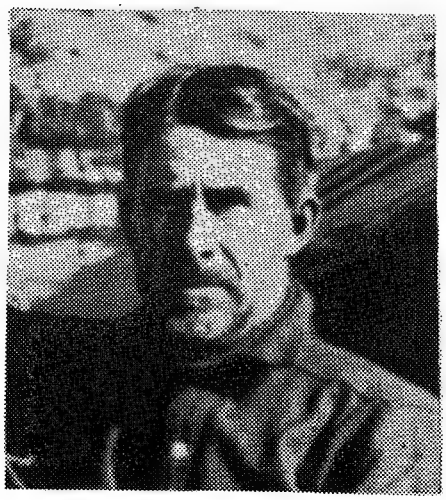
Amber's Mirage

Amber's Mirage is the story of two men in search of something more than gold though it was gold that took them into the desolate badlands of Mexico. For one of them the journey would end in riches beyond his dreams – but for the other it would mean death. For both men, the trip was truly trail's end.



Zane Grey, whose stories have captivated the imaginations of millions around the world.

NOW THAT IT was spring again, old Jim Crawford slowly responded to the call of the desert. He marked this fact with something of melancholy. Every winter took a little more out of him. Presently he would forget it, when he was once more out on the lonely and peaceful waste land, hunting for the gold he had never found and for which he had given the best years of his life.

Still, Jim seemed a little more loath to bring in his burros and pack for the long trail. He sat on the sunny side of the shack and pondered. The peaks were glistening snowwhite; the lower slopes showed patches and streaks of snow under the black pines; but the foothills were clean and gray, just beginning to green and purple over. High time that he be up and doing, if he were ever to find that treasure at the foot of the rainbow.

"Reckon I've grown fond of this lad, Al Shade," soliloquized the old prospector, as he refilled his pipe. "An' I just don't want to leave for the desert with things the way they are for him."

Jim Crawford's shack stood at the edge of the pine woods on the slope opposite the lumber mill, and was the last habitation on the outskirts of Pine, a small town devoted to lumbering and cattle raising. The next house toward town was a picturesque log cabin, just up in the pines and within plain view, as Jim had found to his sorrow. Jim's neighbor, Seth Low was a mill hand, a genial and likable fellow with only one fault, an overfondness for drink, which had kept him poor. He had a complaining wife and five children, the eldest of whom, Ruby Low, seventeen years old, red-haired and red-lipped, with eyes of dark wicked fire, had been the cause of no little contention in the community.

Crawford had seen Ruby carrying on with cowboys and lumberjacks in a way that amused him, even thrilled him a little, for his pulses were not yet dead to the charm of beauty and youth. But when Ruby attached Al Shade to her list of admirers the circumstances grew serious for Crawford. And he was thinking of that now, while he listened to the melodious hum of the great saw, and watched the yellow smoke arise from the mill stack, and felt the old call of the desert in the spring, something he had not resisted for thirty years.

Long ago, in a past slowly growing clear again in memory, he had been father to a little boy who might have grown into such a fine lad as Alvin Shade. That was one reason why he had taken such a liking to Shade. But there were other reasons, which were always vivid in mind when the boy appeared.

A cowboy galloped by, bright face shining, with scarf flying in the wind. Crawford did not need to be told he would stop at the Low cabin. His whistle, just audible to Crawford, brought the little slim Ruby out, her hair matching the cowboy's scarf. Without a glance at the open cabin door or the children playing under the trees, he snatched Ruby off the ground, her heels kicking up and bending, he gave her a great hug. Crawford watched with the grim thought that this spectacle would not have been a happy one for Al Shade to see.

The cowboy let the girl down, and sliding out of his saddle he led her away into the edge of the woods, where they found a seat on a fallen pine, and then presently slipped down to sit against the tree, on the side hidden from the cabin. They did not seem to care that Crawford's shack was in sight, not so very far away. Most cowboys were loverlike and masterful, not to say bold, but this fellow either embodied more of these qualities than any others the old prospector had seen with Ruby, or else he had received more encouragement. After a few moments of keen observation Crawford established that both possibilities were facts. He saw enough not to want to see any more, and he went into his shack sorrowing for the dream of young Shade.

Straightway Crawford grew thoughtful. He had more on his hands than the problem of getting ready for his annual prospecting trip. If a decision had not been wrung from him it certainly was in the making. Dragging his packsaddles and camp equipment out on the porch, he set morosely to going over them. He wasted no more glances in the direction of the Low cabin.

Eventually the mill whistle blew. The day was Saturday and the mill hands got off at an early hour. Not many minutes afterward the old prospector heard a familiar quick step and he looked up gladly.

"Howdy, old-timer," came a gay voice. "What you-all doin' with this camp gear?"

"Al, I'm gettin' ready to hit the trail," replied the prospector.

"Aw, no, Jim. Not so early! Why, it's only May an' the snow isn't off yet,"

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protested the young man, in surprise and regret.

"Set down a little. Then I'll walk to town with you. I'm goin' to buy supplies."

Shade threw down his dinner pail and then his old black hat, and stood a moment looking at Crawford. He was a tall, rangy young man, about twenty-one, dressed in overalls redolent of fresh sawdust. He had a frank, handsome face, keen blue eyes just now shaded with regret, and a square chin covered by a faint silky down as fair as his hair.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's good of you, Al, if you mean you'll miss me," replied the prospector.

"I sure mean that. But there's somethin' else. Jim, you're not growin' any younger an' you—well, these eight-month trips on the desert must be tough, even for an old desert rat like you. Forgive me, old-timer. But I've seen you come back—four—five times now, an' each time you seemed more done up. Jim, you might die out there."

"'Course I might. It's what I want when my time comes."

"Aw! But that should be a long while yet, if you've got any sense. Jim, you've taken the place of my dad."

"Glad to hear it, son," replied Crawford warmly.

"Suppose you come live with mother an' me," suggested Shade eagerly.

"An' let you take care of me?"

"No, I don't mean that. Jim, you can work. We've got a little land, even if it is mortgaged. But if we cultivate it—if we had a couple of horses—the two of us——"

"Al, it's not a bad idea. I've thought of that before. There's plenty of work left in me yet. But I'd only want to tackle that after I'd made a strike. Then we could pay off your debts, stock the place, an' farm right."

"Jim, you've thought of that?" asked the young man.

"Lots of times."

"I didn't know you thought so much of me. Gosh, wouldn't it be grand!" Then his face fell and he added ruefully, "But you old prospectors never make a strike!"

"Sometimes we do," replied Crawford, vehemently nodding.

"Aw, your hopes are like the mirages you tell about!"

"Al, I've never told you about Amber's mirage."

"Nope. That's a new one. Come on, old-timer—if it isn't too long."

"Not today, son. Tomorrow, if you come over."

"Well, I'll come. Ruby has flagged me again for that Raston cowpuncher," rejoined Shade with a touch of pathos.

"Raston. Who's he?" queried Jim, looking up.

"Oh, he's a new one. A flash cowboy, good-lookin' an' the son of the rich cattleman who has taken over the Babcock ranches."

"Ahuh. Reckon I remember hearin' about Raston. But he hasn't paid for those big range interests yet. Al, is young Raston sweet on Ruby?"

"Sure. Same as all these other galoots. Only he's the latest. An' Ruby is powerful set up about him."

"Humph. Does she encourage him?" asked Crawford bending to pick up a saddle cinch.

"She sure does," burst out Shade in disgust. "We've had rows over that often enough."

"Al, you're deep in love with Ruby?" the prospector asked suddenly.

"Head over heels. I'm drownin'," replied the lad, with his frank laugh.

"Are you engaged to her?"

"Well, I am to her, but I guess she isn't to me——at least, not all the time. Jim, it's this way: I just know Ruby likes me better than any of them. She likes conquest. She loves to ride an' dance an' eat. She's full of the devil. There's been more than one fellow like Raston come along to take her away from me. But she always comes back. She just can't help herself."

"Ahuh. What does your mother think of Ruby?"

The boy hesitated, then replied, "Ruby often comes over to our house. Mother doesn't exactly approve of her. She says Ruby is half good an' half bad. But she believes if I could give Ruby what she craves—why, she'd marry me, an' turn out all right. Jim, it's my only hope."

"But you can't afford that on your wages," protested Jim.

"I sure can't. But I save all the money possible. Jim, I haven't even a horse. Me—who was born on a horse!

But I'll get ahead somehow—unless somethin' awful happens."

"Al, do you think Ruby is worth this—this love an' constancy of yours?"

"Sure she is. But what's that got to do with it? You don't love somebody because she or he is so an' so. You do it because you can't help yourself."

"Reckon you're right at that," replied Crawford slowly. "But suppose a—a girl is just plain no good?"

"Jim, you're not insinuatin'——" ejaculated Shade, aghast at the thought.

"No. I'm just askin' on general principles, since you make a general statement."

The boy's face seemed to take on an older and yet gentler expression than Jim had ever observed there.

"Jim," he said, "it oughtn't to make no difference."

"Humph. Mebbe it oughtn't, but it sure does with most men. Son, there's only one way for you to fulfill your dream—if it's at all possible."

"An' how's that?" queried the lad sharply.

"You've got to get money quick."

"Lord! Don't I know that? Haven't I lain awake at nights thinkin' about it. But, Jim, I can't rustle cattle or hold up the mill on pay day."

"Reckon you can't. But, Al Shade, I'll tell you what—you can go with me!"

"Jim Crawford! On your next prospectin' trip?"

"You bet. The idee just come to me, Al. I swear I never thought of it before."

"Gosh-almighty' stammered Shade.

"Isn't it a stunnin' idee?" queried Crawford, elated.

"I should smile—if I only dared!"

"Wal, you can dare. Between us we can leave enough money with your mother to take care of her while we're gone. An' what else is there?"

"Jim—you ask that!" burst out the young man violently. "There's Ruby

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Low, you dreamin' old rainbow chaser! Leave her for eight months? It can't be did!"

"Better that than forever," retorted Crawford ruthlessly. He was being impelled by a motive he had not yet defined.

"Jim!" cried the young man.

"Al, it's you who's the rainbow chaser. You've only one chance in a million to get Ruby. Be a good gambler an' take it. You've just about got time. What do you say, son?"

"Say! Man, you take my breath."

"You don't need any breath to think," responded the old prospector, strangely thrilled by a subtle conviction that he would be successful. "Come, I'll walk to town with you."

On the way the sober young man scarcely opened his lips and Crawford was content to let the magnitude of his suggestion sink deeply.

"Wal, here's where I stop," said Crawford heartily, as they reached the store. "Al, shall I buy grub an' outfit for two?"

"Aw—give me time," implored the boy.

"Better break it to your mother tonight an' come over tomorrow," returned Crawford, and left Shade standing there, his mouth open, his eyes dark and startled.

Seldom did the old prospector answer to unconsidered impulse. But he seemed driven here by something beyond his immediate understanding. Through it flashed the last glimpse he had taken of Ruby Low and the lover whom he took to be young Raston. Crawford felt that he was answering to an inspiration. One way or another—a successful quest for gold or failure—he would make Al Shade's fortune or spare him inevitable heartbreak. Some vague portent of Amber's mirage ran like a stream through the old-timer's thought.

He bought supplies and outfits for two, and generously, for he had ever been careful of his meager funds. Leaving orders for the purchase to be sent out to his place Crawford started back with quickened step.

II

IT WAS a great project. It had a flourish and allurement which never before had attended Crawford's prospecting trips, though they all had fascination enough. He tried to evade queries and rest content with the present, well knowing that when once more he had been claimed by the lonely desert all his curiosity and doubt would vanish. Then came a rush of impatient sensations—a nostalgia for sight of the long leagues of lonely land, the bleak rocks, the solemn canyons, the dim hazy purple distances, evercalling—smell of the cedar smoke, the sifting sand, the dry sage, the marvelous fresh fragrance after rain—sound of the mournful wind, the wailing coyote, the silence that was appalling, the cry of the night hawks.

These passed over him like a magic spell. A rapture pervaded his soul. How could he have lingered so long?

A voice calling disrupted the prospector's meditations. Already he had reached the outskirts of town and he was opposite the Low cabin with Ruby Low waylaying him at the gate. Her red hair flamed and her lips were like cherries. She transfixed him with a dazzling smile.

"Uncle Jim, I was layin' for you," she said archly. "I hate to ask you, but I've got to have some momey."

Ruby sometimes borrowed and on at least two occasions Crawford remembered she had paid back. "Wal, lass, I'm about broke myself," he replied. "But I can rake up five wagon wheels. Will that help?" He gazed into her eyes.

"Thanks, Uncle Jim. It'll sure do. I just want to buy somethin' for tonight. I'm goin' to a party," she said, as she took the silver, and then ran her arm through his. "I'll walk over to your house with you."

Crawford could not reproach Ruby for any indifference to him, that was certain. She liked him and often told him her troubles, especially with the boys.

"Another party, huh? I reckon this time you're goin' with Al," rejoined the old-timer.

"No. He didn't ask me an' Joe Raston did. Besides Al an' I have fought like cat an' dog lately. Al's jealous."

"Wal, hasn't he cause?"

"I'spose he has, uncle," the girl admitted. "But I'm not—quite—altogether engaged to Al. An' I do like the other boys, specially Joe."

"I see. It's pretty hard on you an' Al. Say, Ruby, do you really care about the boy? Tell me straight."

"Uncle Jim!" she exclaimed, amazed.

"Wal, I just wondered. I seen you today over back of that pine log, an' it looked to me——"

"You saw me—with Joe?" she interrupted confusedly.

"I don't know Joe. But the cowboy wore a scarf as red as your head."

"That was Joe. An' you watched us! I told the big fool——"

"Ruby, I didn't mean to spy on you. I just happened to be lookin'. An' when you slipped off that log I sure didn't look long."

She had no reply for this. Ruby was nervously clinking the silver coins in her hand. They reached Crawford's shack and the girl sat down on the porch steps.

"Uncle, did you give me away to Al?" she asked, and a tinge of scarlet showed under her clear skin. She was ashamed, yet no coward.

Crawford gazed down upon her, somehow seeing her as never before. The girl had seen only seventeen summers, but she did not seem a child. Her slim form had the contours of a woman. And like a flaming wildflower she was beautiful to look at.

"No, Ruby, I didn't give you away to Al," replied Crawford presently.

"You're not goin' to, uncle?"

"Wal, as to that——"

"Please don't. It'll only hurt Al, an' not do a bit of good. He has been told things before. But he didn't believe them. An' he thrashed Harry Goddard. Of course he'd believe you, Uncle Jim. But what's the sense?"

"Ruby, I reckon there wouldn't be much sense in it. Not now, anyway, when I'm takin' Al with me on a long prospectin' trip."

"What!"

The prospector motioned to the pack saddles and harness strewn upon the floor, the tools and utensils.

"Oh, no! Don't take him, uncle," she cried, and now her cheeks were pale as pearl. She caught her breath. The sloe-black eyes lost their wicked darts. They softened and shadowed with pain. "Oh, uncle, I—I couldn't let Al go."

"Wal, lass, I'm afraid you'll not have anythin' to do with it."

"But Al would never go—if I begged him to stay.

Crawford believed that was true, though he did not betray it. He felt gladness at a proof that the girl cared genuinely for Shade though no doubt her motives were selfish.

"Mebbe not, lass. But you won't beg him."

"I sure will. I'll crawl at his feet."

"Ruby, you wouldn't stand in the way of Al's coming back home with a big lot of gold."

"Gold!" she echoed, and a light leaped up in her eyes. "But, uncle, isn't

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prospectin' dangerous? Mightn't Al get killed or starve on the desert?"

"He might, sure, but he's a husky lad, an' here I've been wanderin' the desert for thirty years."

"How long would you be gone?"

"Till winter comes again."

"Seven—eight months! I—I don't—believe I could bear it," she faltered weakly.

"Ruby, you'll make a deal with me not to coax him off—or I'll tell him what I saw today."

"Oh, Uncle Jim!" she retorted, though she winced. "That'd be mean. I really love Al."

"Ahuh. You acted like it today," replied Crawford dryly. "Reckon you're tryin' to tell me you love two fellows at once."

"I'm not tryin' to tell you that," she flashed hotly. "If you want to know the truth I love only Al! But I like Joe—an' the other boys. An' I don't see why I should give up havin' fun while I wait for Al."

"Did Al ever try to make you give them up?" queried the old-timer curiously.

"No. He's pretty decent, even if he is jealous."

"Wal, do we make a bargain, Ruby?"

Her red lips quivered. "You mean you won't give me away if I don't try to keep Al home?"

"That's it."

"Wh-when are you leavin'?"

"Wal, I reckon tomorrow sometime, late afternoon."

"All right, uncle, it's a deal," she replied soberly, and with slow reluctance she laid the five silver dollars on the porch. "I won't go to the party tonight. I'll send for Al."

"Wal, Ruby, that's good of you," said Crawford warmly. "I'm goin' over to Al's after supper to see his mother, an' I'll fetch him back."

"She'll be glad to have Al go," rejoined Ruby bitterly. "She doesn't approve of me."

The old man watched the girl walk slowly down the path, her bright head bent, her hands locked behind her.

The old prospector's mind was active, revolving phases of the situation he had developed, while he prepared a hasty supper. It was dark when he started out for town. The lights were flickering and the wind from the peaks carried a touch of snow. Shade lived on the other side of town, just outside the limits, on a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm his father had homesteaded, and which, freed from debt, would be valuable some day. Crawford vowed the prospecting trip would clear that land, if it did no more. A light in the kitchen of the cottage guided the prospector, and when he knocked the door appeared to fly open, disclosing Shade, flushed and excited, with the bright

light of adventure in his blue eyes. Crawford needed no more than that to set his slow heart beating high.

"Come in, old-timer," shouted the lad boisterously. "No need to tell you I've knuckled. An' mother thinks it's a good idea."

Mrs. Shade corroborated this, with reservations. She seemed keenly alive to the perils of desert treasure seeking, but she had great confidence in Crawford, and ambition for her son.

"What's this Amber's mirage my boy talks about?" asked Mrs. Shade presently.

"Wal, it's somethin' I want to tell Al," replied the old man because he could never think of Amber in any other way. "I knew a wonderful prospector once. An' for twenty years I've looked for his mirage on the desert."

"Gracious, is that all? How funny you gold hunters are! Please don't graft any of those queer ideas on Al."

"Say, Jim, haven't you seen this Amber's mirage?" asked Shade.

"Not yet, son. But I will this trip. Wal, good night an' good-by, Mrs. Shade. Don't worry about Al. He'll come back, an' mebbe rich."

"Alas! I wonder if that is not the mirage you mean," returned the mother, and sighed.

Shade accompanied Crawford back to town and talked so fast that the old-timer could not get a word in, until finally they reached the store.

"No, don't come in with me," said Crawford. "You run out to see Ruby."

"Ruby! Aw, what'd you want to make me think of her for? She's goin' out with Joe Raston tonight."

"Al, she's stayin' home to be with you this last night."

"Gosh!" ejaculated the boy rapturously, yet incredulously. "Did you tell her?"

"Yes. An' she sure got riled. Swore she'd never let you go. I reckon she cares a heap for you, Al. An' I'm bound to confess I didn't believe it. But I talked her into seein' the chance for you, an' she's goin' to let you go."

"Let—me go!" stammered Shade, and he rushed away down the street.

The old prospector lingered to watch the lithe, vanishing form, and while he stroked his beard he thought sorrowfully of these two young people, caught in the toils of love and fate. He saw no happy outcome of their love, but he clung to a glimmering hope for them both.

Crawford felt tired when he reached his shack and was glad to sink upon the porch. The excitement and rushing around during the day had worn upon him. He bared his head to the cold, pine-scented wind. The pines were roaring. The pale peaks stood up into the dark blue, star-studded sky. And to the south opened the impenetrable gloom of the desert. A voiceless call seemed to come up out of the vast windy space, and that night it made him wakeful.

III

THE supplies he had ordered came promptly after breakfast, and Crawford was packing when Shade bounded in from the porch, so marvelous in his ecstasy of flamboyant youth that the old-timer's heart almost failed him.

"Howdy, son," he managed to get out. And then: "I see you come light in heart as well as in pack."

"Old-timer, I could fly this mornin'," exclaimed the lad fervidly.

"Ahuh! Ruby must have sprouted wings on you last night," ventured Crawford.

"Gosh, she was sweet. I'm ashamed to death of the things I felt an' thought. We said good-by nine hundred times—an' I sure hope it was enough."

"Wal, she'll be over before we leave, you can bet on that."

"Aw, no. I stayed late last night—gosh, it was late! Mother waited up for me. Jim, old-timer, that red-headed kid was hangin' on to me at one o'clock this mornin'."

Shade delivered that amazing statement with a vast elation.

"You ought to have spanked her."

"Spank Ruby? Gosh! It would be like startin' an avalanche or somethin'. Now, Jim, you start me packin' an' you'll think an avalanche hit this shack."

Crawford did not require many moments to grasp that the boy would be a helpful comrade. He was indeed no stranger to packing. But they had just gotten fairly well started when Ruby Low entered like an apparition in distress. She wore her white Sunday dress and looked lovely, despite her woeful face and tearful eyes.

"Aw—now Ruby!" ejaculated Shade overwhelmed.

"Oh, Al!" she wailed, and throwing

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her arms around his neck she buried her face on his breast. "I didn't know I loved you so—or I'd been different."

Crawford turned his back on them and packed as hurriedly and noisily as possible. But they had forgotten his very existence. And presently he proceeded with his work almost as if these young firebrands were not present. But they were there, dynamic, breath-arresting with the significance of their words and actions. He was glad Shade would have this poignant parting to remember. He sensed, and presently saw a remorse in Ruby Low. What had she done? Or did her woman's intuition read a future alien to her hopes and longings? Perhaps. like Shade, she lived only in the pangs of the hour.

Nevertheless in time Shade wooed her out of her inconsistent mood and kissed away her tears and by some magic not in the old prospector's ken restored her smiles. She was adorable then. The girl that Crawford had seen did not obtrude here. She entered into the boy's thrilling expectancy, helped with the packing, though she took occasion many and [illegible] to peck at Shade's cheek with her cherry lips, and asked a hundred questions.

"You'll fetch me a bucketful of gold?"

"I sure will, sweetheart," promised the youth with fire and pride.

"A whole bucketful, like that bucket I have to lug full of water from the spring. Al, how much would a bucketful of gold buy?"

"I haven't any idea," returned Shade. The light in his eyes, as it shone upon her, hurt the old prospector so sharply that he turned away. "Hey, old-timer, what could I buy Ruby with a bucketful of gold?"

"Wal, a heap of things an' that's no lie," replied Crawford shortly. "A house an' lot in town, or a ranch. Horses, cattle, a wagonload of pretty clothes, an' then have some left for trinkets, not to forget a diamond ring."

The girl screamed her rapture and swung round Shade's neck.

It went on this way until at last the burros were packed and ready. Crawford took up his canteen and the long walking stick, and shut the door of the shack with a strange finality.

"Son, I'll go on ahead," he said thickly. "You can catch up. But don't let me get out of sight down the road. Ruby, you have my blessin' an' my prayers. Good-by."

She kissed him, though still clinging to Shade, but she could not speak.

"Get up, you burros," called Crawford, and he drove them down the road.

After a while he looked back. The young couple had disappeared and were very likely in the shack saying good-by all over again. Crawford strode on for half a mile before he turned once more. Ruby Low's white form gleamed on the little porch. Shade had started. He was running and looking back.

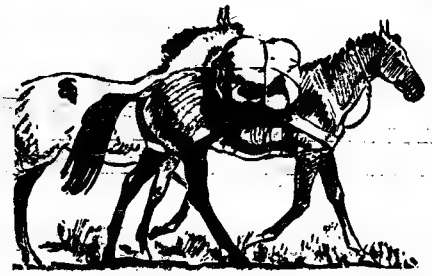
At the turn of the road Shade caught up, panting from his run.

"Gosh, but—that was—tough!" he panted.

He did not glance back and neither did Crawford. Soon they turned a bend between the foothills. The sun was still high enough to shed warmth, though the air was cooling. They were leaving the mountains and descending into the desert, glimpses of which could be seen through the passes. Pinons and cedars took the place of pines, and the sage and bleached grama grass thickened.

Crawford wanted to reach Cedar Tanks before dark, a camp site that was well situated for the start, for it regulated succeeding stops just about right. This first water was down on the flat still some four or five miles distant. The old-timer found a spring in his stride that had been missing for months. He was on the heels of the burros, occasionally giving one a slap.

The last foothill, rather more of a mound than a hill, was bare of cedars and had a lone pinon on top, and the sides were flush with a weed that took on a tinge of pink. When this obstruction had been rounded the desert lay below.



No doubt Shade had seen it before from that vantage point, but never with the significance of this moment, which halted him stockstill.

The sun was setting red and gold over the western confines, where the lights were brilliant. Just below the travelers there were flats of grass and belts of cedars and, farther on, bare plains of rock, all in the ruddy shadow. Leagues away buttes and mesas stood up, sunset flushed, and, between them and farther on, wild, broken outlines of desert showed darkly purple. A bold and open space it was, not yet forbidding, but with a hint of obscure and unknown limits.

One long gaze filled Jim Crawford with sustaining strength. His eye swept like that of an eagle. This was a possession of his soul and whatever it was that had clamped him in perplexity and doubt faded away.

It was dark when they reached Cedar Tanks, which consisted of a water hole at the head of a rocky ravine. Here Shade found his tongue. The strain of parting gave precedence to the actuality of adventure. While they unpacked the burros he volleyed questions, which Crawford answered when it was possible. He remembered the stops all the way across the border. Turkey Creek was the next, then Blackstone, then Green Water, Dry Camp, Greasewood, and on to Coyote Wells, Papago Springs, Mesquite, and then a nameless trail that had as its objective the volcanic peak of Pinacate.

The lad packed up water and wood, and built a fire while the old-timer prepared their first meal, a somewhat elaborate one, he said, to celebrate the start of their expedition. Not in many years had Jim Crawford had a companion in camp. He had been a lone prospector, but he found this change a pleasure. He would not have to talk to the burros or himself. After all, the start had been auspicious.

"Jim, have you ever been to Pinacate?" asked Shade.

"Yes. It's an infernal region in midsummer. But I've never been to the place we're headin' for."

"An' where's that?"

"Wal, I know an' I don't know. I call it Three Round Hills. They lay somewhere in from the Gulf of California, a couple of hundred miles below the mouth of the Colorado. It's in Sonora. We get through Yaqui country an' then right into the land of the Seris."

"An' who're the Seris?"

"Wal, they're about the lowest order of humans I know anythin' about. A disappearin' Indian tribe. Cannibals, accordin' to some prospectors I've met. They live in the Gulf durin' the dry season. But when it rains an' the water holes are full they range far up an' down the coast an' inland. So we've got to dodge them."

"Gosh! You didn't tell mother or Ruby that," remarked Shade.

"No, I didn't. An' I reckon I haven't told you a great deal yet."

"Then there's gold in this Seri country," asserted the boy, thrilled.

"There sure is. All over Sonora for that matter. But somewhere close under Three Round Hills a wash starts an' runs six miles or so down to the Gulf. I met a prospector who dry-panned gold all along this wash. So rich, he never tried to find the lead from which the gold came! An' he never dug down. Gold settles, you know. He was afraid the Seris would locate him an' poison his water hole. So he didn't stay in long, an' after that he couldn't find the Three Round Hills again."

"An' you're goin' to find them?"

"Reckon we are, son. I feel it in my

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PAUL SARNOFF, America's leading Put & Call educator, has taught thousands of investors and speculators how to make money from stock price fluctuations—without ever buying or selling a share of stock.

He has been everything from a runner to investment adviser to owner of his own brokerage firm during an exciting — and unique — 34-year career on the "Street." Mr. Sarnoff is presently Vice President and Educational Director of Lombard Street, Inc., a coast-to-coast put and call firm.

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bones. I believe I can locate them from Pinacate. I brought a powerful field glass, somethin' I never had with me before. If I can locate them we'll travel across country from Pinacate, instead of workin' down to the Gulf. That would take weeks. We'd have to travel at night along the beach, at low tide, so the water would wash out our tracks. An' then we couldn't find those hills from the shore. I've been savin' this trip for ten years, Al."

"Gosh! An' where does Amber's mirage come in?" went on Shade, who had forgotten his supper for the moment.

"Wal, it won't come in at all unless we see it."

"Who was Amber, anyhow?"

"I don't know, except he was a prospector like myself. Queer character. I always wondered if he was right in his mind. But he knew all about the desert."

"Well, Jim, what was the difference between his mirage an' any other?"

"Son, did you ever see a mirage?" asked the old-timer.

"Sure. Lots of them. All alike, though. Just sheets of blue water on flat ground. Pretty, an' sort of wonderful."

"Wal, you really never saw a mirage, such as I have in mind. The great an' rare mirages are in the sky. Not on the ground! An' mostly they're upside down."

"Jim, I never heard of such a thing."

"Wal, it's true. I've seen some. Beautiful lakes an' white cities. An' once I saw a full-rigged ship."

"No!" exclaimed Shade incredulously.

"Sure did. An' they were sights to behold."

"Gosh! Come, old-timer, tell me now about Amber's mirage," cried the young man impetuously, as if lured on against his will.

The old prospector laid aside his cup, as if likewise impelled, and wiping his beard he bent solemn gaze on the young man, and told his story.

Shade stared. His square jaw dropped a little and his eyes reflected the opal lights of the cedar fire.

"An' Amber died after seein' that mirage!" he gasped.

"Yes, son. There's two men livin' who heard him tell about it an' who saw him die."

"But, old-timer," expostulated Shade, sweeping his hand through his yellow locks. "all that might have been his imagination. What's a mirage but an illusion?"

"Sure. Perhaps it's more of a lyin' trick of the mind than the sight. But the strange fact, an' the hard one to get around, is that soon after Amber's death a great gold strike was made there. Right on the spot!"

"Jim, you old prospectors sure are superstitious," returned Shade.

"Reckon so. But there's no explainin' or understandin' what comes to a man from years on the desert."

"If that's true of the desert it's true of the mountains, or any other place," the boy argued.

"No. The desert is like the earth in the beginnin'," replied the old prospector sagely. "After a while it takes a man back to what he was when he first devolved from some lower organism. He gets closer to the origin of life an' the end of life."

"Gosh, old-timer, you're too deep for me," said Shade with a laugh. "But if it's all the same to you I'd just as lief you didn't see Amber's mirage this trip."

IV

IT WAS JUNE and Jim Crawford had been lost in the desert for more than a week. At first he had endeavored to conceal the fact from his young companion, but Shade had evidently known from the hour of the calamity.

One morning from the black slope of desolate Pinacate the old prospector had located the dim blue Gulf, and the mountain, San Pedro del Matir, and then, away to the southward, three round hills. He had grown tremendously excited and nothing could have held him back. These colorful hills seemed far away to the younger man, who ventured a suggestion that it might be wise to make for the cool altitudes instead of taking a risk of being caught in that stark and terrific empire of the sun. Even now at midday the naked hand could not bear contact with the hot rock.

They went on down into the labyrinth of black craters and red canyons, and across fields of cactus, ablaze with their varied and vivid blossoms. The *paloverde* shone gold in the sun, the *ocotillo* scarlet, and the dead *palo christi* like soft clouds of blue smoke in the glaring sand washes. The magnificent luxuriance of the desert growths deceived the eye, but at every end of a maze of verdure there loomed the appalling desolation and decay of the rock fastnesses of the earth.

From time to time the gold seekers caught a glimpse of the three round hills that began to partake of the deceitfulness of desert distance. They grew no closer, apparently, but higher, larger, changing as if by magic into mountains. These glimpses spurred Crawford on, and the young prospector, knowing that they were lost, grew indifferent to the peril and gave himself fully to the adventure.

They had been marvelously fortunate about locating water-holes. Crawford had all the desert rat's keenness of sight and the judgment of experience. Added to this was the fact that one of his burros, Jenester, could scent water at incredible distances. But one night they had to make dry camp. The next day was hot. It took all of it to find water. And that day Three Round Hills, as they had come to call them, disappeared as if the desert had swallowed them. Cool, sweet desert dawn, with a menacing red in the east, found the adventurers double lost, for now they did not even have a landmark to strive for. All points of the compass appeared about the same—barren mountains, dark cones, stark and naked shining ridges, blue ranges in the distance.

But Crawford pushed on south, more bowed every day, and lame. The burros became troublesome to drive. Jenester wanted to turn back, and the others were dominated by her instinct. Crawford, however, was ruthless and unquenchable. Shade watched him, no longer with blind faith, but with the perturbation of one who saw a man guided by some sixth sense.

Nevertheless soon he changed their order of travel, in that they slept in the day time and went on at night. The early dawns, soft and gray and exquisite, the glorious burst of sunrise, seemed to hold the younger man enthralled, as did the gorgeous sunsets, and the marvelous creeping twilights. As for the other hours, he slept in the shade of an ironwood tree, bathed in sweat and tortured by nightmares, or he stalked silently after the implacable prospector.

They talked but little. Once Crawford asked how many days were left in June, and he replied that he guessed about half.

"August is the hot month. We can still get out," said the prospector, rolling the pebble in his mouth. And by that he probably meant they could find gold and still escape from the fiery furnace of the desert. But he had ceased to pan sand in the washes or pick

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at the rocks along the way.

The days multiplied. But try as Crawford might he could not drive the burros in a straight line. Jenester edged away to the east, which fact was not manifest until daylight.

Another dry camp, with the last of the water in their canteens used up, brought the wanderers to extremity. Crawford had pitted his judgment against the instinct of Jenester, and catastrophe faced them.

Darkness brought relief from the sun, if not from overwhelming dread. The moon came up from behind black hills and the desert became a silvered chaos, silent as death, unreal and enchanting in its beauty.

This night Crawford gave Jenester her head and with ears up she led to the east. The others followed eagerly. They went so fast that the men had to exert themselves to keep up. At midnight Shade was lending a hand to the older man, and when dawn broke the young man was half supporting the old prospector.

But sight of a jack rabbit and the sound of a mocking bird in melodious song saved him from collapse. Where these living creatures were it could not be too far to water.

Crawford sank less weightily upon the boy's strong arm. They climbed, trailing the tracks through the aisles between the cactus thickets, round the corners of cliffs, up a slow rising ridge above the top of which three round peaks peeped, and rose and loomed. Crawford pointed with a shaking hand and cried out unintelligibly. His spirit was greater than his strength; it was Shade's sturdy arm that gained the summit for him.

"Look, old-timer!" panted the boy hoarsely.

Three symmetrical mountains, singular in their sameness of size and contour and magnifying all the mystery and glory of reflected sunrise, dominated a wild majestic reach of desert.

But the exceeding surprise of this sudden and totally unexpected discovery of the three peaks that had lured and betrayed the prospectors instantly gave way to an infinitely more beautiful sensation—the murmur of running water. A little below them ran a swift, shallow stream.

Crawford staggered to the shade of a shelving rock and fell with a groan that was not all thanksgiving. Al Shade, with a thick whoop, raced down the gentle declivity.

The water was cold and sweet. It flowed out of granite or lava somewhere not far away. The youth filled his canteen and hurried back to his comrade, who lay with closed eyes and pallid, moist face.

"Sit up, Jim. Here's water, an' it's good," he said kneeling. But he had to

lift Jim's head and hold the canteen to his lips. After a long drink the old prospector smiled wanly.

"Reckon—we didn't—find it any—too soon," he said in a weak but clear voice. "Another day would have cooked us."

"Old-timer, we're all right now, thanks to Jenester," replied Shade heartily. "Even if we are lost."

"We're not lost, son. We've found our Three Round Hills."

"Is that so? Well, it's sure great to know. But if my eyes aren't deceivin' me they're sure darned big for hills," rejoined the boy, gazing up at the three peaks.

"Make camp here; we'll rest," said Crawford.

"You take it easy, Jim. I'll unpack."

The old prospector nodded with the reluctant air of a man who had no alternative.

By stretching a tarpaulin from the shelving rock where Crawford reclined Shade made an admirable shelter. He unrolled his comrade's bed and helped him on it. Then he unpacked utensils and some food supplies, whistling at his work. The whole world bore a changed aspect. What a miralce water could perform!

He built up a stone fireplace, and then, ax on his shoulder, he sallied down in search of wood.

Late in the afternoon Shade discovered his companion wide awake, lying with head propped high.

"Gee! I feel like I'd been beaten," exclaimed the boy. He was wet and hot. "Howdy, Old Rainbow Chaser. Are you hungry?"

"Reckon I am," replied Crawford.

"Gosh, I am too. I'll rustle a meal pronto. Whew! Strikes me it's warm here."

"Al, looks like the hot weather is comin' early," rejoined Crawford seriously.

"Comin'? Say, I think it's been with us for days."

"Wal, what I meant was hot."

"Jim, you're a queer one. What's the difference between hot an' hot?"

"Son, when it's hot you can't travel."

Shade stared at his old friend. What was he driving at? On the moment the idea of travel apparently refused to stay before the boy's consciousness. But a sober cast fell upon his countenance. Without more ado he got up and busied himself around the fireplace.

When the meal was ready, he spread it on a canvas beside Crawford's bed. The old man could not sit up far, and he had to be waited upon, but there was nothing wrong with his appetite. This pleased Shade and reacted cheerfully upon him. While they were eating, the burro Jenester approached, her bell tinkling.

"I'll be darned. There's Jen. She's sure well trained," said the lad.

"I reckon. But if you'd lived with burros on the desert long as I have you'd see more in it."

"Aw, she's only lookin' for some tin cans to lick."

Nevertheless, the covert significance Crawford attached to the act of the burro seemed not to be lost upon the boy. While doing the camp chores he no longer whistled. The sun grew dusky red and when it sank behind the mountains it was as if a furnace door had been closed. Presently with the shadows a cool air came across the desert. Then twilight fell. Silence and loneliness seemed accentuated.

The old prospector lay propped up, his bright eyes upon the peaks. Shade sat with his back to the rock, gazing out to see the moon come up over the weird formations of desert.

"Jim," said Shade suddenly, as if a limit had been passed. "We spent weeks gettin' to your three old hills. Now what're we goin' to do that we are here?"

"Son, we used up our precious time," replied Crawford sadly. "We got lost. We're lucky to be alive."

"Sure I'm thankful. But I'm hopin' you'll be up tomorrow, so we can look around."

"Old-timer, I hope, too that you had more in mind than Amber's mirage when you headed for these triplet hills."

If Shade expected his sole reproach to stir Crawford he reckoned without his host, for the old prospector vouchsafed no word on that score. His attempt to foster conversation, to break the oppressive silence, resulted in failure. Crawford was brooding, aloof.

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V

ANOTHER day dawned and with it unrest.

After breakfast Crawford called his young companion to his bedside.

"Sit down an' let's talk," he said.

"Sure, an' I'll be darn glad to," returned Al cheerfully, though his scrutiny of his friend's face noted a subtle change.

"Son, you've a lot on your mind," began Crawford with a fleeting smile that was like a light on the dark worn face.

"Ahuh. I just found it out," replied Shade soberly.

"Worried about bein' lost?"

"Sure. An' a hundred other things."

"Ruby, for one?"

"Well, no, I can't say that. Ruby seems sort of far off—an' these close things are botherin' me."

"Wal, we'll dispose of them one at a time. First, then, about bein' lost. We are an' we aren't."

"I don't savvy, old-timer."

"Listen: I know where we are now, though I've never been anyways near here. You recall the prospector who told me about these Three Round Hills? Wal, he seen them from a ridge top down near the Gulf. He sure described them to a *t*. An' I reckon now he wasn't ten mile from them. The wash he dry-panned so much gold from is almost certainly this one we're on. Water is scarce down here. An' he said water ran down that wash in the flood season. So I reckon we're now less than ten miles from the Gulf. This stream peters out, of course, in the sand below here some place. Probably halfway down, I reckon."

"Ahuh. An' what of all this?" queried the youth suspiciously.

"Wal, a fellow could mosey on down, stoppin' in likely places to shake a pan of gold, an' in a few days reach the Gulf with at least a couple thousand dollars' worth. Then he'd have, I reckon, about six days' travel along the Gulf, bein' careful to go only by night an' at low tide, to the mouth of the Colorado. Then Yuma, where he could cash his gold dust. An' then if he happened to live in Arizona he could get home pronto by stage."

"Sure would be wonderful for that particular fellow," returned Shade. "Funny, old-timer, now we're sittin' right under these amazin' Three Round Hills, that we don't give a damn much about the gold diggin's they're supposed to mark?"

"Not funny, son," reproved the grave old prospector, "but sure passin' strange. Gold makes men mad, usually. Though I could never see that I was, myself. . . .If we'd only had good luck!"

"To my notion we're most darned lucky," declared Shade vehemently.

"No. If that were so we'd got here weeks ago an' I wouldn't be on my back. We'd have had time to fill some sacks an' then get out before the hot weather came."

"Oh, I see, the hot weather."

"It takes a while to heat up this old desert. Then after a while the rock an' sand hold the heat over an' every day grows hotter, until it's a torrid blastin' hell, an' white men don't dare exert themselves," the old man said grimly.

"Ahuh. Then I'd say we haven't many days to waste."

"You haven't, son," replied the other gently.

"Me!"

"Yes, you, Al."

"I don't get your hunch, old-timer. You strike me queer lately."

"Wal, even if I do, I've a clear mind now, an' you may be grateful for it some day. It may have been my dream of gold that made me drag you into this hellhole, but I've got intelligence now to get you out."

"Me! What about yourself?" demanded the boy sharply.

"Too late, Al. I will never get out."

The younger man rose with passionate gesture and bent eyes of blue fire down upon his reclining comrade.

"So that's it, old-timer!" he asserted fiercely, clenching his fist.

"What's it, son?" queried Crawford.

"You're knocked out an' need days to rest up. But you don't want me to risk waitin', so you'd send me on ahead."

"Al, I meant to lie to you an' tell you that. But I can't do it, now I face you."

"What you mean?" flashed Shade suddenly, dropping back on his knees.

"Wal, son, I mean I couldn't follow you out."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because the rest up I'm to do here will be forever," replied Crawford.

"Jim, you're—talkin' queer again," faltered the youth.

"No, son. I overreached my strength. My body was not up to my spirit. I cracked my heart. . . .An' now, Al, pretty soon I'm goin' to die."

"Aw, my God!. . .Jim, you're only out of your mind," cried the boy.

The old prospector shook his shaggy head. He scarcely needed to deny Shade's poignant assertion. "Listen," he went on: "You put water beside me here. Then pack Jenester an' one other burro. Pack light. But take both canteens. Start tonight an' keep in the stream bed. In the mornin' early pan some gold. But don't let the madness seize on you. It might. That yellow stuff has awful power over men. An' remember when you reach the Gulf to travel at low tide after dark."

"Jim, I couldn't leave you," rejoined Shade, mournfully shaking his head.

"But you must. It's your only chance. I'm a tough old bird an' I may live for days."

"I won't do it, old-timer."

"Son, you'll make my last days ones of grief an' regret."

"Jim, you wouldn't leave me," Shade replied stubbornly.

"That would be different. You have everythin' to live for an' I have nothin'."

"I don't care. I won't—I can't do it."

"There's your mother to think of."

"She'd be the last to want me to desert my friend."

"An' Ruby. You mustn 't forget that little red-headed darlin'!"

Shade dropped his face into his hands and groaned.

"Perhaps I misjudged Ruby. She really loves you. An' you can't risk losin' her."

"Shut up, Jim!"

"Al, if you don't go now, soon it'll

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be too late. I won't last long. Then you'll be stuck here. You couldn't stand the torrid months to come. You'll go mad from heat an' loneliness. But if you did survive them an' started out in the rainy season you'd be killed by the Seris."

"I'll stick," rasped out the boy, the big drops of sweat standing on his pallid brow.

"Ruby loves you, but she'll never wait that long," declared Crawford, ruthless in his intent.

Shade's gesture was one of supplication.

"Ruby won't wait even as long as she promised," went on Crawford inexorably. "That Joe Raston will get round her. He'll persuade her you're lost. An' then he'll marry her."

"Aw, Ruby will wait," rejoined Shade swallowing hard.

"Not very long. She's weak an' vain. She needs you to bring out the good in her. Joe Raston or some other flash cowboy will work on that, if you don't hurry home."

"You're lyin', old-timer," replied the boy huskily.

"I saw Raston gettin' her kisses," said Crawford. "That very day before we left."

"Honest, Jim?" whispered Shade.

"I give the word of a dyin' man."

Al Shade leaned against the rock and wrestled with his demon. Presently he turned again, haggard and wet of face.

"All right. I always was afraid. But we weren't really engaged till that Saturday night."

"She can't be true to you unless you're there to hold her. Go home now, Al."

"No. I'll stand by you an' I'll trust Ruby."

"Go, Al, I'm beggin' you."

"No."

"For your mother's sake."

"No!"

"Then for Ruby's. An' for those kisses you'll never—never get—unless you go—now," shouted Crawford as, spent with passion, he sank back on his pillow.

"No!" yelled the boy ringingly, and strode away down into the desert.

At length he came to a wide-spreading *paloverde* where the shade was dense and had a golden tinge. Half the yellow blossoms of this luxuriant tree lay on the ground, and it was that color rather than the shade which had halted him. He cast himself down here, sure indeed of a mocking loneliness. And in the agony of that hour, when he fought to be true to his passionate denial of Crawford's entreaty, he acted like a man overwhelmed by solitude and catastrophe, yet laboring to victory under the eye of God. It was well indeed that the old prospector, who had brought him to this sad pass, could not likewise see him in his extremity. And what would it have meant to the wayward girl, whom he was losing in that bitter hour, to see him ascend the heights?

When it was over he rose, a man where he had been a boy, and retraced his steps to camp. The sun appeared to burn a hole through his hat. He found Crawford asleep, or at least he lay with closed eyes, a tranquillity new to his face transforming it. Shade had the first instance of his reward, outside of his conscience.

VI

THAT very day the hot weather Crawford had predicted set in with a vengeance. Shade, awaking out of a torpid slumber, sweltered in his wet clothes, and began his watchful vigil. That day dispelled any hope, if one had really existed, of his old friend recovering. Crawford drank water often, but he wanted no more food. Shade himself found hunger mitigating.

"Al," said Crawford, breaking his silence at sunset, "you're stuck here—till the rains come again."

"Looks like it, old-timer," he replied cheerfully. "Perhaps that's just as well. Don't you worry." "*Quien sabe?*" replied the prospector, as if he pierced the veil of the future.

At night they conversed more freely, as the effort cost less, but neither again mentioned gold or Ruby Low. The oppression of heat was on their minds. Crawford had before given stock of his desert wisdom, but he repeated it. Where he had been violently solicitous for the boy to go, now he advised against it.

The days passed, wonderful in spite of their terror. And the nights were a relief from them. Shade did not leave the old prospector's side except when absolutely necessary. And as Crawford imperceptibly faded away, Shade made these times more and more infrequent.

One afternoon upon awakening late, he became at once aware of a change in the sky. Clouds were rare in this section during the hot dry season, yet the sky appeared obscured by pale, green-yellow, mushrooming clouds through which the sun burned a fierce magenta hue which tormented the eyes.

Shade rubbed his eyes, and watched, as had become his habit. A hard hot wind that had blown like a blast from a furnace earlier in the day had gone down with the sinking sun! The yellow rolling canopy was dust and the green tinge a reflection cast by desert foliage.

"What you make of that sky; old-timer?" he asked, turning to his companion. But Crawford, who was usually awake at this hour and gazing through the wide opening to the desert, did not make any response. Shade bent quickly, as had become his wont lately, to scrutinize the masklike face.

Getting up, he set about his few tasks. But the lure of the sky made him desist from camp work and set him out to drive up the burros.

Meanwhile, the singular atmospheric conditions had augmented. The sun, now duskily gold, set behind Three Round Hills. And the canopy of dust, or whatever it was, had begun to lift, so that it left a band of clear dark air along the desert floor, a transparent medium like that visible after a flash of lighting.

The phenomenon was so marvelous and new that Shade suffered a break in his idle attention. This stirred his consciousness to awe and conjecture as had no other desert aspect he had watched. Presently he thought to ask the old prospector what caused it and what it signified. To this end he hurried back to camp.

Crawford leaned far forward from his bed, his spare frame strung like a whipcord, his long lean bare arm outstretched. He pointed to the west with quivering hand.

Al Shade wheeled in consternation and he called in alarm. "Hold on, old-timer."

"Look!" cried Crawford exultantly.

"What you see?. . .Jim!"

"Amber's mirage!"

Shade flashed his gaze from the prospector's transfigured countenance out across the desert to see weird rocks and grotesque cacti exquisitely magnified in the trailing veil of luminous gold.

"Jim, it's only the afterglow of sunset," he cried, as if to try to convince himself.

The old prospector had fallen back on the bed. Shade rushed to kneel beside him.

"Oh, God! He's dead!. . .An' I'm left alone!"

He crouched there a moment, stricken by anguish. To be prepared for calamity was not enduring it. The sudden sense of his terrific loneliness beat him down like a mace. Presently when the salt blindness passed from his sight he observed that his friend had died with his eyes wide open.

He closed the eyelids, to have them fly open again. He essayed a gentle force, with like result. Horrified, he shut

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the pale lids down hard. But again they opened.

"Aw!" he exclaimed, breathing hard.

He had never seen a dead man, much less a beloved friend, who even in death persisted in a ghastly counterfeit of life. Suddenly he saw strange shadows in the staring eyes. He bent lower. Did he imagine a perfect reflection of the luminous golden effulgence in the sky, with its drifting magnifying veil? Or were there really images there? He wiped the dimness from his own sight. He was like a man whom shock had gravely affected. There was something stamped in the old-timer's eyes. Perhaps the mirage engraved upon his soul! Or the sensitive iris mirroring in its last functioning moment the golden glow of a rare sunset. Shade trembled in his uncertainty.

Then he recalled the story of Amber's mirage. And he sustained another shock. According to Crawford the miner Amber had died raving about a mirage of gold, with wide-open eyes in which flamed a proof of his illusion and which would not stay shut.

"It's only the mind," muttered Shade. "A monstrous trick of the imagination, natural to these mad prospectors, a lie as false as any mirage itself!"

But there shone that beautiful light in Crawford's sightless eyes. And the sky had shaded over. The gold had vanished. The mysterious veil might never have transformed the desert. Shade covered the old prospector's face with a blanket.

That night Al Shade kept reverent vigil beside the body of his departed friend. The desert seemed a sepulchre.

With the retreat of the somber shadows came a necessity for practical tasks. He ate a meager breakfast. Then he wrapped Crawford in his blankets and tarpaulin, and bound them securely. Whereupon he stalked forth to find a grave.

It would never do to bury Crawford in the sand. Of all the desert mediums sand was the most treacherous. It would blow away, and so he hunted for a niche in the rocks. He found many, some too large and others too small. At last under a cliff he had overlooked he discovered a deep depression, clean and dry, as fine a last resting place as any man could desire. And it would be sweet to the old prospector! It was sheltered from rain and flying sand, yet it looked out upon the desert. If properly filled and sealed it would last there as long as the rocks.

He carried the old-timer—now how light a burden!—and tenderly deposited him in the hole. Then Shade tried to remember a prayer, but as he could not he made one up.

"To the rocks you loved, old-timer! May God save your soul!"

It was going to take considerable to fill that deep grave.

Small stones, such as he could lift, were remarkably scarce, considering it was a region of stone. It would be necessary to fill the grave full or the scavengers of the desert would dig Crawford out and strew his old bones over the sand.

Al went farther afield in search of rocks. Now he would gather a sack of small ones and then he would stagger back under burden of a heavy one. He performed Herculean labors.

The time came when his task was almost done. Only a few more heavy stones! But where to find them? He had sacked the desert of its loose fragments.

While allaying his thirst at the stream he espied the dull yellow gleam of a rock out in a little pool, rather deep.

He waded out to secure it. His feet sank in the sand, and as the water was kneedeep he had to bend to get the stone. It lifted easily enough, until he heaved it out of the water. Then it felt like lead.

All this toil in the hot sun had weakened him or else the stone, which was not large, had exceeding weight; in

fact, it was so burdensome that he floundered with it and at the shore would have fallen if he had not let it drop.

Bare flat rock edged on the stream there and the stone, as it struck, gave forth a curious ring. He gave it a kick with his wet boot, shaking off some of the sand that adhered to it. Dull yellow and white stripes appeared on this queer-looking stone he had carried out of the stream.

Then he scraped his hob-nailed boot hard on the surface. Bright threads caught the sunlight.

Frantically he crawled into the stream and grasped up handfuls of wet sand. He spread them to the sun, gazed with piercing eyes.

Specks of gold! They were as many as the grains of sand.

Shade tore up the bank, his fists shut tight on his precious discovery.

"Jim! Jim!" he shouted, panting with rapture. "Look ahere! A strike! An' old Three Round Hills—is her name!"

He got no response to his wild outcry.

"Jim!"

Silence and loneliness emanated from the camp. They struck at the boy's heart with reality. An empty space marked where Crawford's bed had lain in the shade.

VII

A SECOND Christmas had come and far gone when Al Shade set foot in Pine again. It was the last of winter and fine weather for that high country. It was an unusual circumstance for Pine not to have a white winter. The mountain tops were shining, snowy domes, and that pure smooth white extended far down into the timber, but it had not yet encroached upon the lower slopes. A bracing cold wind blew out of the west, whipping dust down the main street of Pine.

The weekly stage had but few passengers that day and Shade was one of them. He wore a new suit and overcoat, and he carried a small satchel. His lean, clean-shaven face was almost as an Indian's. He got out to button his coat and turn up the collar. An icy breath of winter struck through him, coincident with a recurrent and thrilling yet poignant emotion that had beset him at times on the long journey up from Yuma.

The hour was still a little short of noonday. His first act was to hurry into the bank. He approached the teller's window.

"Hardwick, do you remember me?" he asked.

"Can't say I do," replied the teller, after a close scrutiny. "But your face seems familiar."

"I'm Al Shade. You used to cash my check Saturdays, when I worked for the lumber mill."

"Al Shade! Now I know you. But you've changed—grown into a man. Say, didn't you leave Pine with an old prospector a couple of years ago?"

"Yes, but it isn't actually that long," replied Al.

"You were reported lost in the desert."

"It was true enough. But I got out. Hardwick, I want to deposit considerable money."

"Glad to hear it," returned the teller heartily. "Come right into Mr. Babbitt's office."

Babbitt did not recall Shade, nor the circumstance of his departure from Pine.

"Mr. Babbitt, just lately I drove two burros into Yuma, packed with gold. I made the exchange there at the assay office and I have the money with me to deposit."

The young man emptied the contents of the satchel on the desk before the

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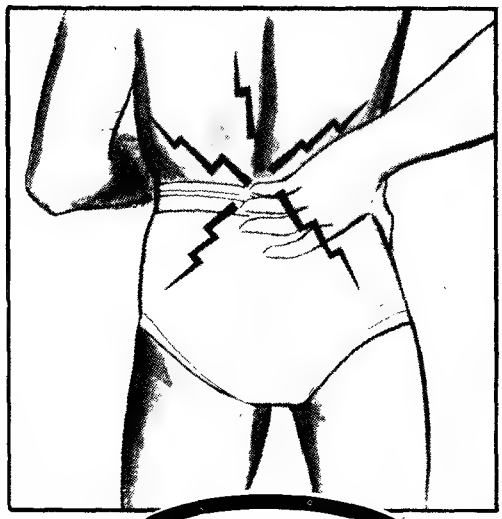

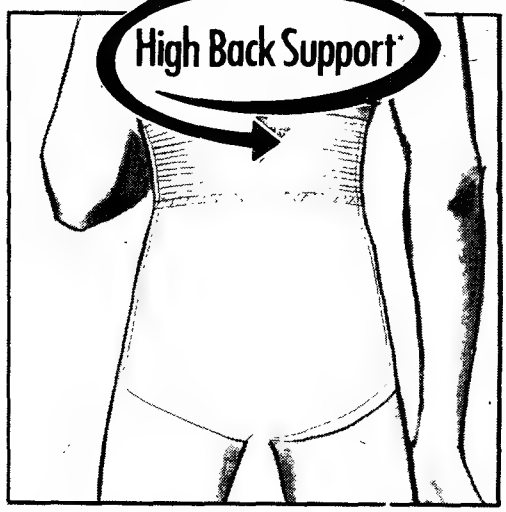

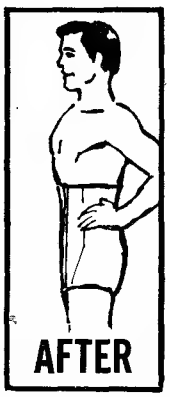

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bank officials and then he stripped from his waist a thick belt; stuffed all around with greenbacks.

"I'm sure glad to get rid of this," he said. "Count it an' give me a bank book."

"There's a fortune, young man!" exclaimed the banker; his eyes alight. "I congratulate you. You must have made a rich strike."

"It's little enough for what I went through," returned Shade coolly.

You want this to your credit alone?

"Yes. My partner, Jim Crawford, died. He is buried on the desert."

"Too bad. I remember the old fellow. Shade, you look as if you'd earned this money. I hope you use it wisely."

"Reckon I will," replied Shade with richer note in his voice. "I promised someone I'd fetch back a bucket of gold."

Shade left the bank relieved that this necessary precaution had been fulfilled. For many months the possession of gold and then for days its equivalent in cash, had been a nuisance and a dread. Soon he would need to consider the possession of much gold. Ruby's. The moment was at hand. No word had he heard of her, of mother, of friends. He felt a total stranger in his home town. His absence seemed to have been endless. He judged what might have happened to them by the age he had been away, and the tragedy that had chained him to the desert. Yet a fugitive hope always had hung to the fringe of his consciousness. And now it beat at him with tremendous hammer strokes.

All at once he heard the hum of the saw at the lumber mill. It cut into him as if it had actually been at his heart. He saw the blue-and-yellow smoke rising from the huge stack. He passed on, still some distance from the mill, and turned off the main street into the outskirts of town. Nothing had changed. The board walk appeared identically as when he had last trod it that fateful Sunday. Soon he passed by the last several cottages and came to the blacksmith's shop. Ben Wiley, the smith, was busy at his forge. The red sparks flew and the ring of iron came on the cold air.

Shade strode on, past the Mexican gardens, out into the country, to the edge of the pines. The white cone-shaped peak pierced the sky. It looked winter up there and he had a momentary longing for the hot dry desert.

Then he espied the gray cabin where Ruby lived and beyond it the old shack where Jim Crawford had stayed when he was in from a prospecting trip. Shade wondered if he had expected these habitations to be gone.

Blue smoke curled up from the cabin chimney. And as of old a saddled horse stood hitched on the porch side. It as well as the rich trappings on saddle and bridle, gave him a queer familiar pang. He strode up on the porch noisily, hurriedly, as if to give himself courage. Boldly he knocked. But his knees were shaking.

The door opened to disclose a woman. But she had the face, the flaming hair of the girl pictured in Shade's mind.

"Al!" she screamed in amazed delight, and rushed out. "Alive? We heard you were dead."

"Ruby!" cried Shade, his voice hushed. Certain it was that his arms spread wide to envelop her.

"You desert wanderer!" she exclaimed. "How you've grown—changed!"

He laughed with a happy wildness and was about to kiss her when out of the tail of his eye he espied a figure standing in the open doorway. Releasing Ruby he faced round squarely, confusion added to his rapture.

A sneering man, fastidiously attired in fancy rider's apparel, stood there, with something familiar about him that stung Shade and made him wince.

"Howdy, Shade. I see your hunt for gold hasn't improved your manners," he said mockingly. "But maybe you didn't know you were hugging a married woman."

"Joe Raston!" burst out Shade in an agony of recognition.

"Sure—the same," replied Raston, his white teeth gleaming. He had the same red face, the same hard blue eyes, with dark puffs under them. His attire now smacked of the city dandy, instead of the cowboy.

Shade wheeled to Ruby: "Is it true—you—you're——" he queried hoarsely, breaking off.

"Yes, but——"

Raston stepped down off the threshold, almost between them.

"Married, with a girl baby," interrupted Raston. "Another red-head girl to make trouble——"

"Hush up, Joe. Let me tell him," cried Ruby, recovering from glad surprise to anger.

"My—God!" choked Shade, with horrified stare. Then he turned and ran.

"Wait, Al——" screamed Ruby after him.

But he ran on, blindly at first, down the clattering board walk, and almost into town before he could check his mad flight. Out of breath he slowed down near Ben Wiley's blacksmith shop. Terror at the thought of being a subject for town gossip and ridicule drove him to swallow his conflicting emotions. What an awful blunder he had made! But had he not expected that very thing? He should have asked questions, have learned something before calling upon Ruby. That sneering devil Raston! Ruby married—a baby girl! He fought off a deathly sickness, and in sheer desperation turned in to the blacksmith's shop.

"Howdy, Ben." he said, confronting the burly, grizzled giant, who let his hammer fall.

"Jumpin' jack rabbits! It ain't you, Al?" boomed Wiley.

"Sure is, Ben. How are you?"

"Son of a gun, if it ain't Al! Wal, by gum! I am glad to see you." replied the blacksmith, and it was well Shade possessed a horny, tough hand. "So that story of you bein' dead on the desert ain't so. You're a healthy-lookin' ghost. An' shore you're a prosperous-lookin' gent."

"Ben, I struck it rich. Jim Crawford took me down into Sonora. We got lost. Jim died, an' afterward I struck gold."

"You don't say! That's staggerin' news. Sorry old Jim cashed. He was the salt of the earth."

"Indeed he was. Ben, I've been down the—road." said the young man haltingly. "But not home—yet. How's my mother?"

"Say, Al, haven't you heard nothin' all this time?" queried Wiley with concern.

"Not a word."

"Wal, that's tough. To come home with a stake an' find—all changed!"

"Ben, I didn't expect anythin' else. Tell me."

"Wal, Al, it's no long story, anyway. After you left, Raston took the farm away from your mother. Mortgage come into his hands through a deal an'——"

"Raston? You mean the cattleman who took over the Bar X an' some of the valley ranches? Not Joe Raston?"

"Joe's father. That's the man. Left everythin' to Joe. He's been playin' high jinks heah, Al. Owns the lumber mill now an' Halford's store. But nobody has any use for him."

"Go on about—mother," returned Shade fortifying himself.

"Wal, she went to Colorado an'—an' died there. Let's see. Must have been last summer. My wife will know. She read about it in the paper. An' this is the first you've heahed aboot it, Al?"

"Yes. But I've been afraid," replied Shade huskily, as he turned away his face.

"It's hard, Al. I'm shore sorry I had to be the one to break it. I reckon you better come to see my wife. She was friendly with your mother."

"Thanks. I will, Ben. An' Ben, can you tell me anythin' about my girl, Ruby Low?"

"Thet red-head! Wal, I'll be doggoned! You're in for more bad news,

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and I guess I've got to say it."

"Ahuh. Come out with it, then."

"Ruby's married."

"Married? Joe Raston?"

"Haw! Haw! Why, Joe Raston wouldn't 'a' married Ruby, as everybody knows. Joe is the high flyer round town now. Father left him all his interests."

"But Ben!" ejaculated Shade, aghast. "I thought Ruby—it must be Joe Raston."

"Wal, like some other folks, an' Ruby herself—so they say—you figgered wrong. Joe jilted Ruby cold. It went so hard with her thet she up an' married Luke Boyce."

"Luke! Why, he an' I went to school together. Luke Boyce! He was a pretty nice boy, if I remember. Younger than me. So it's Luke? An' not Raston!"

"Luke's not a bad sort. Used to work for me heah. Things have gone agin him, an' thet's no joke. He was ridin' for the Bar X an' broke a laig. Raston fired him. After he was able to be aboot ag'in he worked heah an' there, at odd jobs. But when winter set in he was thrown out of work. An' he's hangin' too much around the saloons."

"How long has he been married?"

"Most a year. Ruby has a baby."

"Things happen—even in a short year!" rejoined Shade ponderingly. "Well, Ben, good day. Remember me to Mrs. Wiley. I'll come over some night."

"Do, Al. We'll be plumb glad to see you. An' ma can tell you all the news."

Returning to town Shade went to the hotel and engaged a room with a fireplace, before which he huddled the rest of the day. When darkness came he had parted with his mother and the sweet part of the past in which she had figured.

He had never been given to drink. But now an urge to seek oblivion almost overcame him. It was memory of old Jim Crawford that gave him the final strength to abstain. The sooner he faced the whole fact of his calamity the sooner he might consider how to meet it. He sensed a vague monstrous obstacle between him and the future. He went out to meet it.

VIII

IT WAS in one of the side-street saloons that he countered Luke Boyce. The recognition was instantaneous on Shade's part, but Boyce at first glance failed to see in him an old schoolmate.

"Howdy, Luke, don't you know me?"

"I don't, but I'll bet you're Al Shade. Everybody's talkin' about you."

They shook hands. Boyce's surprise and pleasure were short-lived, owing, no doubt, to shame at his condition and embarrassment before Ruby Low's old fiancé. Boyce looked like a cowboy long

out of a job and verging on the condition of a tramp. He tried to pass off the meeting with a lame remark and to return to his game of pool on the dingy table. But Shade would have none of that. "Come, Luke, let's get out of here. I'm sure glad to meet you an' I want to talk."

Boyce was not proof against such warmth. He left the saloon with Shade, and by the time they arrived at the hotel his constraint had disappeared.

"I reckon you want to talk about Ruby?" queried Boyce bluntly.

"Why sure, Luke, but not particular an' there's no hurry," replied Al Shade frankly. "Naturally I want to hear how things are—with my old girl. I want to know a lot else too."

Boyce laid aside his hat and turned back the collar of his thin coat, and held lean blue hands to the fire.

"Let's get it over then," he said with the same bluntness, but devoid of resentment. "I didn't double-cross you with Ruby."

"That never entered my mind, Luke," rejoined the young man hastily.

"I was always sweet on Ruby, as you know," went on Boyce. "But I never had a look-in while you an' the other fellows were around. When you went away Ruby quit the boys for a while."

"What?"

"I didn't know it then, Al, but she told me later. After I married her. Ruby didn't go around with anyone for half a year, I guess. You promised you'd be back that Christmas, she said—an' she was true to you. But when rumors drifted up from Yuma that you'd been lost on the desert she took up with Joe Raston again. It didn't last long. Only a few months. Joe wasn't the marryin' kind. He gave Ruby a dirty deal—jilted her. That took the starch out of Ruby. I married her in spite of the fact she swore she didn't an' couldn't love me. But I loved her. We got along fine, while I was earnin' money. Ruby likes pretty clothes. She was gettin' fond of me. Once she said she liked me better than any beau she ever had, except you. Well, I broke my leg, an' that started us downhill. Joe Raston had me fired. I got well again, but nobody would believe I could ride. An' I had to take odd jobs anywhere. Lately I've been out of work. Then Ruby had a baby, and now I reckon she hates the sight of me. We're poor as dormice. I've borrowed until my old friends dodge a corner when they see me. An' if somethin' doesn't turn up this spring, I'll sure lose Ruby an' the baby."

"Somethin' will turn up, Luke," rejoined Shade confidently. "Things are never so bad as they seem. Maybe I can help you. Spring will be here before long an that's the time to get a job or start somethin'. *Quien sabe?* Your luck may change. You might even see Amber's mirage."

"Al, you don't 'pear to have been drinkin'," says Boyce bluntly. "But your talk is plumb good. Sounds like music to me. An' what's Amber's mirage?"

"I never quite satisfied myself about that," replied Shade seriously. "Old Jim Crawford used to talk, as if Amber's mirage was more than fortune to a man. I took it to be a real mirage an' somethin' he imagined. Somethin' close to love an' death—somethin' that proved the passion for gold was terrible an' selfish—a waste of life, unless the strivin' was for some noble purpose. Anyway, just before Jim died he saw the mirage. Or he was out of his head an' thought so. But he didn't seem crazy. He looked like the great poet I read about—who just before dyin' sat up with wonderful eyes an' said: 'More light!' Jim's end was like that."

"Wal!" ejaculated Boyce, deeply stirred. "It shore must have been somethin'. Al, I'll try once more, an' if I can't make a go of it, an' get Ruby back, I'll leave Pine. I've stood a heap, but I couldn't stand to see Raston get Ruby."

"Ahuh. So he's after her now—since you're married?"

"Sure is. Ruby went back to her mother, an' Raston goes there. Ruby admitted it. But she doesn't trust him."

"Luke, it strikes me you ought to stop Raston."

"How? He's powerful here in Pine. Runs everythin'. If I thrash him I'll get thrown into jail, where I haven't been yet. What can I do?"

"I'll say a word to him," said Shade.

"Shade, am I to understand you—you want to be my friend?" asked Boyce incredulously.

"I reckon. What else? But keep your mouth shut about it."

"I think it fine of you," burst out Boyce.

"I've seen Ruby—out at her old home. Raston was there. I—like a jackass—thought he was her husband. But, Luke, I'll stand by you, as you stood by Ruby, an' it's not too late to save her."

Boyce leaped up, radiant, but he could not speak. "Shake on that. There!" added Shade.

"Let me get this straight," gasped

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Boyce hardly believing his ears.

"Are you in debt?" went on Shade imperturbably.

"Yes, an' pretty deep. It was a quarrel over debt that made Ruby leave me. She would run bills an' I couldn't pay. I tell you, Al, if it wasn't for my hard luck Ruby would turn out all right."

"How deep are you in debt, Luke?"

"Somethin' over two hundred," replied Boyce abjectly.

Shade laughed. He had long been apart from the struggles and miseries of men. He had no idea of values. He had seen a million dollars in gold in the bed of a steam!

"Come in to see me tomorrow mornin'," he said. "I want to—to lend you the money to pay those debts."

Long after the bewildered Boyce had left, Shade sat there, watching the fire through dimmed eyes. Then he went out to look for Raston.

The street, the saloons failed to disclose him, but the lobby of the hotel ended his search.

"Raston. I've been lookin' for you," said Shade deliberately.

"Yes? About the little joke I have on you?" queried the other maliciously.

"You have no joke on me. My old friend, Luke Boyce, told me you were tryin' to ruin his wife."

"That's his business, not yours," snapped Raston.

"Well, I'm sort of foot-loose, an' I can make most anythin' my business," went on Shade, stepping closer.

"Sure. And now you'll cut me out. You're welcome to the red-head flirt. She'll be easy for you, now you're lousy with gold. I told her so and reminded her——"

Shade struck out with all the might of unspent misery and wrath. The blow laid Raston his length upon the floor.

IX

IT WAS afternoon of the next day, somber and still, with storm out in the foothills.

Shade, running down the road to catch up with his burros, did not look back, as once he had looked to wave good-by to Ruby. He had just knocked loudly on the cabin door, thrilling in his cold, sick heart to Ruby's voice: "Come in." But he had needed only the assurance of her presence. Then he had set down a heavy bucket before the door. Ruby's bucketful of gold that he had promised to fetch her from the desert! It was heavier by far than any bucketful of water she had ever lugged so complainingly from the spring. Like a horse freed from a burden he had sped down the road.

A cry pierced his ears—and as he ran on—again, but fainter.

Still he ran, soon crowding his pair of

lightly packed burros, until he turned the bend in the road. Then he strode on, the panting from his breast like hard sobs. Free! The gray hills, the yellow road, the blue haze of desert far on proclaimed it.

Blackstone, Green Water, Dry Camp, Greasewood—day by day they were reached and passed. Coyote Wells, Papago Springs, Mesquite and then at last Bitter Seeps, where the seldom-trodden trail headed off the road toward Pinacate.

Bitter Seeps marked another change—the rebellion of physical nature against the havoc of grief. Al Shade lifted his head. There was a ring in his call to his burros. He faced the desert and saw it with clearing eyes. He was entering the empire of the sun.

Only the hard bitter life of that wasteland, only the torment of its heat and thirst, the perils of its labyrinthine confines, only such loneliness and solitude and desolation and death as were manifested there could have brought an exultant, welcoming cry from Al Shade's lips. He would keep lonely vigil by Jim Crawford's grave.

He descended to camp, found and packed his burros, and with a trenchant call he drove them south.

There was peace in the desert. The pervading stillness engendered rest in him. He would have liked to dispense with spiritual consciousness, as he had with memory. But it took time for the desert to perform miracles.

At noon he halted to rest the burros in the shade of an ironwood tree on the edge of an elevation. The desert dropped away here. When he gazed out on a level he encountered sky and mushrooming thunder clouds that were rising above a distant range.

It was drowsily warm and he fell asleep, leaning against the tree. He dreamed of his old friend Crawford and the spell lingered on into his awakening.

Shade rubbed his eyes.

X

HE COULD not have slept until approach of sunset, for the sun stood at its zenith. But there appeared to be a clear, dark amber glamour over sand and bush, rock and cactus. Then he gazed straight out from the elevation.

The southern sky had become transfigured by mountains of golden mushrooming clouds. They moved almost imperceptibly, rising, spreading, unfolding. Then they changed until they were no longer clouds. A sharp level line cut across the floor of this golden mass, and under it shone the clear, dark, amber desert, weird only in that it had color at noonday.

Above it glimmered a long blue ripple of gentle waves, lapping the line, overcast by golden tinge. Foliage faintly of the same hue bordered shore line far into the dim verge. And the broad water spread to the marble steps and balustrades and terraces and doors and golden walls of a magnificent city. Empty streets led upward into halls of pearl and chambers of opal and courts of porphyry, all burned through with lucent gold. A lonely city of shining amber! Tiers of walls rose one above the other, towering with a thousand pillared arches and trellises and sculptured images of lifeless gods and wingless eagles, with niche on niche, and window on window of shimmering treasure, all rising to flaming turrets that perished against the pitiless truthful sky.

A mellow drowsy hum of insects seemed to float murmuringly to Shade on the dry air. The tinkle of a burro bell further emphasized the silence. Dark veils of heat, like crinkled transparent lace, rose from sand and stone.

Had he really seen the mirage or was that shining city in the clouds more than a mirage—perhaps even the mansion to which the souls of men must climb?

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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars...which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied...is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true."

[Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
Southern California First National Bank
17122 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach, California 92647

Joe Karbo
227 East 45th Street, Dept. LZG-11
New York, N.Y. 10017

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1973 Joe Karbo

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the MURDERING fiend

Sheriff William (Billy) Mulvenon.

The Palace Saloon in Prescott, was one of Dilda's hangouts.

By CALICO JONES

THE TWO RIDERS were an incongruous pair. The tall one opened the conversation with the bachelor Taylor brothers in a pleasant enough manner. Dressed well, he was a handsome young man. The other was dark, small and sat his saddle sideways, wearing a perpetual scowl.

Abruptly the handsome rider's voice changed. "You have refused my offer of a hundred dollars for a relinquishment on your right to this land. Very well. Don't let tomorrow's sun set on you here!"

Reining his horse quickly, he and his unlovely companion rode back to the farming village of Phoenix.

The next day the Taylor brothers told their nearest neighbors in the Salt River Valley that their lives had been threatened unless they gave up their homesteads. More than a hundred acres

He bought men's souls and left with their gold—and killed if they refused him. Tall, handsome—and deadly as a sidewider—the smiling killer of Prescott blazed an evil and malevolent trail across the Old West.

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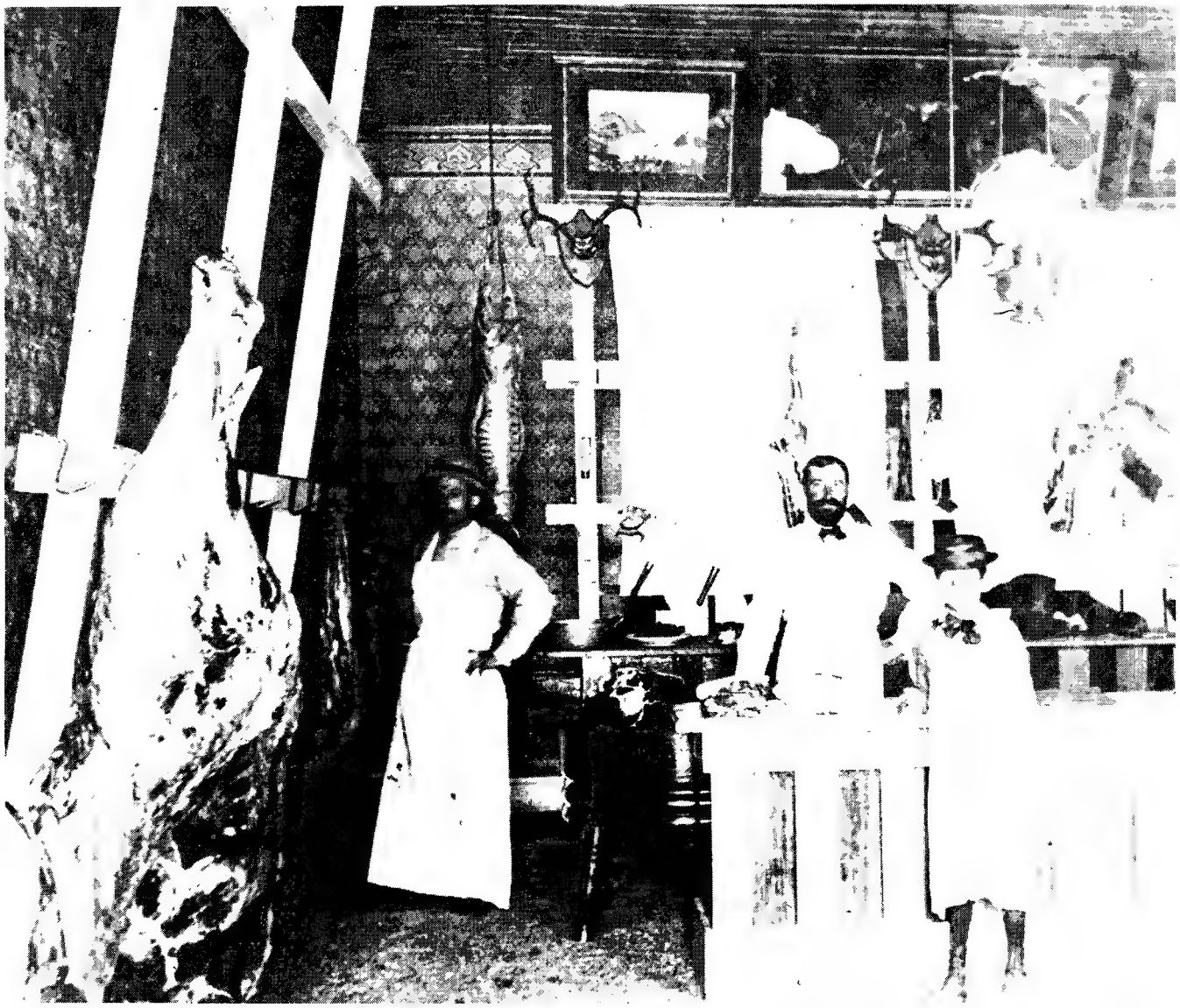

Even the butcher shops were not averse to buying rustled beef sold by Dilda. The carcasses were hung up and the customers selected that portion desired, which was then cut off in a chunk.

had been cleared and some irrigation ditches put in for farming. Their new buildings, while nothing fancy, were substantial.

No one ever knew exactly how it had happened. On Sunday morning a passer-by found both brothers shot dead at the barn lot where they had been doing the early feeding of their livestock.

As news of the double murder spread, D. W. Dilda appeared and quietly took possession of the property. He produced purported papers of purchase and an assignment of all livestock and equipment allegedly signed by the Taylor brothers for a loan.

Dilda was tall, handsome, a smooth talker. Of course he came under instant suspicion but easily proved that he was nowhere near the homestead during the time the brothers were threatened and then murdered.

He bought the relinquishment and their personal property from the man who acquired them, or claimed to have. Several years elapsed before all signatures on the papers were finally shown to be forgeries. It was then too late to do anything about that particular case.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

A month after taking over Dilda sold the land, livestock and machinery for $2,500 to a family newly arrived in the Salt River Valley.

That same week he and a tough companion called on still another family not a mile from Phoenix.

Dilda did not even offer to buy the claim from the family head but abruptly said, "Be out of here in thirty-six hours or the same thing that happened to the Taylor brothers will be your lot."

The indignant settler went to the county sheriff. For the first time Dilda was connected with threatening and running settlers off their improved land—land from which he profited by selling to others.

However, friends advised the farmer to relocate elsewhere and he did. It was a foregone conclusion that Dilda would kill, or have him shot.

Before anyone else could claim the abandoned homestead, had they dared, Dilda located a newly arrived family on it for $500.

In rapid succession three similiar cases and another murder occurred. Dilda wound up with all their property, which was quickly disposed of to his personal profit.

This time he was hauled in by the county sheriff and questioned. Dilda claimed to be engaged in the real estate business. Part of it was finding land to locate new settlers on. He knew nothing of any skullduggery or the unsolved murders that had occurred.

For awhile after that he conducted himself like the gentleman he pretended to be. His temporary reformation was due to the fact that he had become enamoured of Melba Patterson and began courting her. She was the daughter of the wealthy rancher and farmer W. A. Patterson. They were married in 1881.

Establishing his wife in a Phoenix home, Dilda returned to his deadly crooked land schemes. By this time he was rumored to be an outlaw who would engage in any kind of shady deal.

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Phoenix's whiskey row on the north side of Washington between Center and First streets, where Dilda often managed to get into trouble. (From an old newspaper)

Prescott's business district in the old days.

It was also whispered that he was wanted in California for stagecoach, bank and train robberies as well as for several murders.

Communications being what they were in those days, facts for arrest or a conviction could not be obtained by Maricopa County officers.

A Missourian moved his family to the vicinity of Tempe. With the help of two neighbors he started running survey lines from a known section corner.

Dilda got a wandering cowboy who was about to leave the territory to file on it for $50.

Dilda then informed the lanky Missourian that the cowboy, from whom he bought the relinquishment rights, was the legal owner.

The slow talking, tobacco chewing dirt farmer asked for the cowboys' possessory claim notice from the land office and received it.

Dilda felt confident this would be an easy steal. Glancing at the date, only a few days before, the farmer dropped the paper to the ground and came up with a horse pistol from a hip pocket.

"Land jumper, hunh?" he drawled. "Well, let me tell you something just once only. You show up around the place, or near me again and I'll blast you right between your gawdamned eyes!"

When Dilda reached for his holstered gun, the farmer burned a bullet across his left ribs. Dilda got out of there in a hurry and never again bothered the Missourian, who was obviously prepared to kill him on sight.

Somehow Dilda managed to stay clear of the law thereafter until 1884. A settler who had been warned by him to move elsewhere was found dead five days later. He had been shot in the back of the head.

The witnesses were the deceased's family. They were not sure but thought that the killer who rode in at the barn lot and talked to the murdered victim for all of fifteen minutes was Dilda. Their description fitted the rancher.

After Dilda's warning and subsequent departure the angry settler went to the house, where he told his family of the death threat. The next morning when he arose early to start the chores, a single sixgun shot cracked on the air. When two sons rushed out they found their father dead before the main barn door. One rode a horse into Phoenix to notify the sheriff.

Arrested on suspicion, Dilda cooled his heels in jail. The evidence against him was so feeble that finally he was turned loose. However, those who knew his reputation and modus operandi were certain that he did the killing.

In January, 1885, Dilda engaged in a poker game argument, killing a gambler. He could do little else than admit it, claiming self-defense. There were at least twenty witnesses.

Shooting a gambler, once considered no serious offense, was beginning to be frowned upon. Finally he went to trial on a charge of manslaughter and got a hung jury. This meant he could not be tried again for this particular crime, and wasn't.

Patterson had become long fed up with his son-in-law's crookedness. He told him so in no uncertain terms and advised him to leave the country.

For once Dilda took good advice. Going north to Prescott, he bought a small farm and occupied some public domain range on Walnut Creek in Chino Valley which runs into Big Chino Wash. Returning to Phoenix, he moved his family there.

The family settled in an old rock house which Dilda repaired and enlarged. He then put in a crop of wheat, oats and corn. Mrs. Dilda took care of a small garden in a fertile spot near the house where she also planted flowers in large beds.

Dilda's former genial personality vanished. He got along with none of the people with whom he came in contact.

Strange things began to happen in what had been open, friendly country. Cabins were ransacked by some

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unknown prowler. Sets of harness and saddles began disappearing from cattle ranches. By September of that year cattlemen were discovering that periodically someone butchered fat beeves on the open range.

Dilda was suspected as being the culprit. Yet so crafty was he that no evidence could be accumulated against him. From a big time operator he had turned to petty thievery, but only too soon he would add more wanton murders to his long list of crimes.

Cattleman Terry Moore lost two saddles to a night prowler. When he replaced them with brand new ones bought in Prescott, one disappeared from the harness shed two nights later. Being something of a skilled tracker, he discovered the boot marks of only one man and one set of horse tracks going away.

From the first he suspected his new neighbor but all sign led west out of Chino Valley into the juniper forest. This fact threw Moore off from the real culprit. Going to Prescott he reported the thefts to recently elected County Sheriff William Mulvenon.

Two weeks later the new saddle was found in a second hand store. The proprietor could not describe the seller. But he did say he'd recognize him if he saw him again.

Only one man, a taciturn, short prospector named Jim Jenkins, ever came around Dilda's ranch. He lived higher up on Chino Wash in an old cabin inside the cedar and pinon timber. Sometimes he stopped by when coming back from town.

He did so in December, visiting Dilda at the barn and pole corrals. Not usually a talkative individual, this time Jenkins revealed that he had sold raw gold in Prescott to the amount of about $300.

Inveigling him inside the barn, Dilda shot him through the side of the head. After possessing himself of the money he got a wheel barrow and loaded the body into it. Taking it some 150 yards beyond the ranch to a sink hole he tumbled the corpse into it.

Returning the wheel barrow to the barn he led Jenkins' burro behind the barn after cacheing the old prospector's meager supplies in a manger, later to be taken to the house.

Leading the burro to the sink hole, he shot the animal through the head and rolled the carcass complete with pack saddle and panniers into it. Working with a shovel he got the rims of dirt and gravel crumbled down over the burial by supper time.

When he went into the house Mrs. Dilda, who had heard the first shot and later saw him lead the burroe away, asked in considerable agitation what happened.

"Why, nothing," he replied. "Shot at a jackrabbit and missed."

"But you led that man's burro

Jim Malone, Hualapai Indian tracker who found Dilda asleep in the brush.

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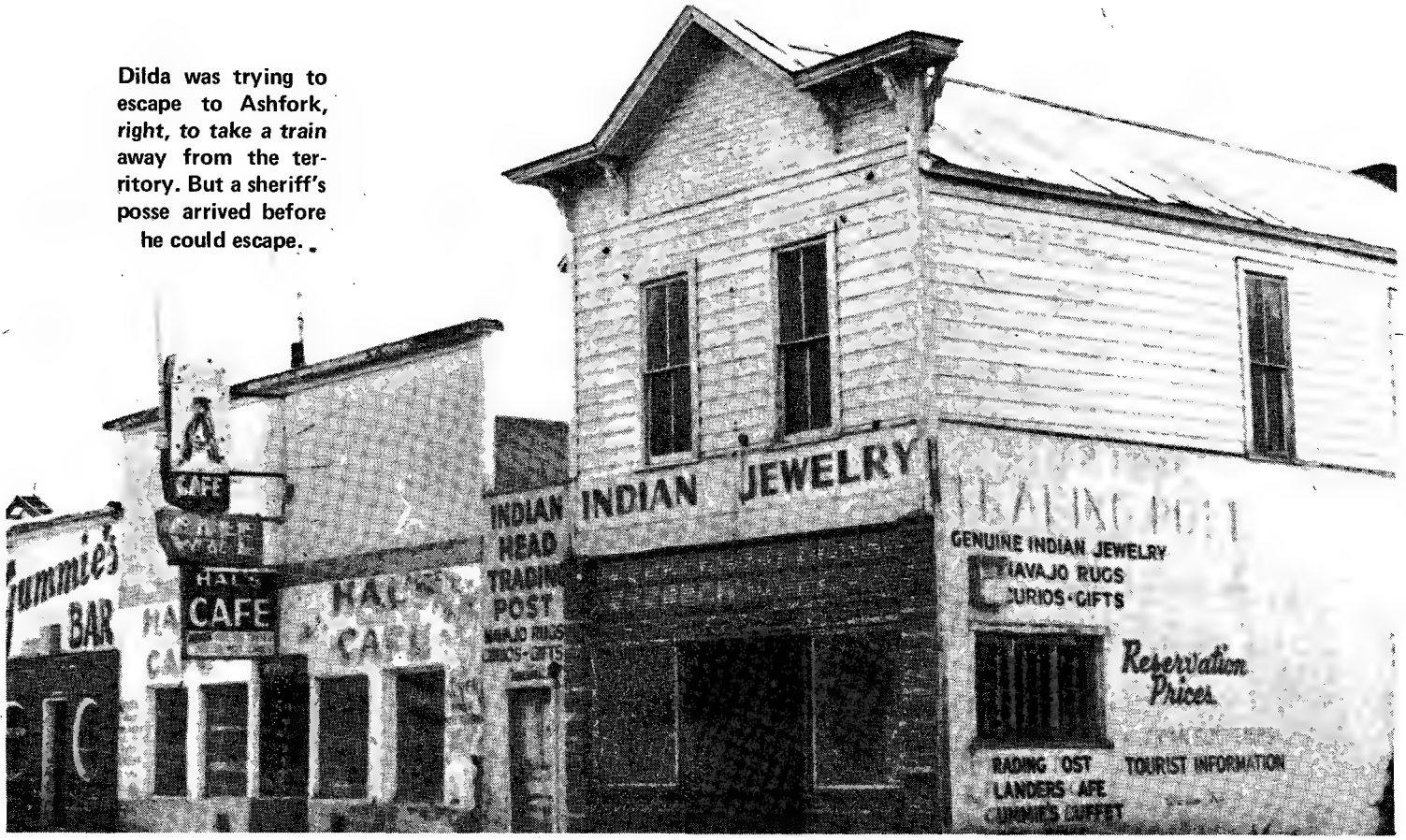

Dilda was trying to escape to Ashfork, right, to take a train away from the territory. But a sheriff's posse arrived before he could escape.

around behind the barn and there was another shot."

"Lookit, stupid!" he yelled at her. "I killed old Jenkins and the burro and you'd better keep your flabby lips closed!"

John S. Williscraft owned a ranch across the valley west in the edge of the forest. A bachelor, he lived out of a one-room cabin. One day while returning late from range work he saw Dilda disappearing into the upland timber in a hurry as though he didn't want to be seen.

Only curious at the time, he thought little of the incident until the next day when he discovered an expensive gold watch missing. Previously some of his beef had been butchered, which he blamed on Dilda.

Riding to Prescott, he told Mulvenon about the beefing and asked that if possible would the sheriff try to get his watch back.

Mulvenon decided to send his deputy, John Murphy, north to Walnut Creek to look into the Dilda business. Near the close of day Murphy approached the ranch through the open valley, being recognized at a distance.

Grabbing a rifle, Dilda hurried outside, taking a stand behind some brush from which he could cover the front door of the house.

As he suspected would happen, the officer rode directly in. Dilda believed that somehow Murphy knew about Jenkins' murder and had come to arrest him for it. Actually no one knew that Jenkins was missing—not at that time.

At the front yard fence Murphy dismounted leisurely and tied bridle reins to a post. He then went through towards the porch and Mrs. Dilda having seen him, opened the front door. At this juncture Dilda raised his rifle and shot him through the head.

When Murphy fell dead Mrs. Dilda ran back inside to the kitchen, wringing her hands and crying. Entering the house Dilda threatened her and the children into quieting down.

"Go get a shovel," he told his wife. "We'll bury the son of a bitch in the root-celler."

Afraid not to obey, she did so. Dilda dragged the body down into the cellar, and buried it in the bottom of the cellar.

Murphy's saddled horse was taken several miles to the west that night, unsaddled and turned loose. The animal wasn't found until many weeks later.

When Deputy Murphy had been absent three days Mulvenon began wondering what could have happened to him. Riding into Chino Valley he obtained the assistance of five cattlemen along the way. A halt was made at Dilda's ranch. He was asked if Murphy ever appeared there.

"No, sheriff," Dilda replied. "I sure haven't seen him. "Wait until I saddle a horse and I'll go along to help find him. He must of got lost."

But no trace of Murphy was found. The posse returned to Walnut Creek to camp for the night.

Dilda went to his house, where he slept only a few hours. Rising long before dawn, he dressed, took his cartridge belt and sixgun, a rifle and some grub in a sack and saddled a horse.

Before heading for the mountains he warned his wife that if she told about the two murders he would come back and kill her and the two children.

Of course, Mrs. Dilda could not sleep the balance of the night. Rising at daylight she cooked breakfast for the children. Seeing smoke rising from the chimney Mulvenon appeared at the door and was let in immediately.

When asked where Dilda was she replied in a tearful voice that he had fled the country. The murders bothered her conscience so much that the frantic woman broke down and told him all, begging to be taken out with her children lest Dilda return to carry out his terrible threat of revenge.

Calling in his small posse, Mulvenon led them to the root cellar, where Murphy's body was found. The men then went to the sink hole, uncovering the burro's carcass and Jenkins' corpse.

A rancher's wagon was sent for to haul the bodies into Prescott. Dilda's wagon was hitched up by willing hands to take Mrs. Dilda, her two children and personal effects to town under guard.

Mulvenon himself rode in a gallop to Prescott, where he telegraphed requests to adjoining counties for officers to keep on the watch for the wanted man. He then organized a larger and more experienced posse, and returned to Chino Valley to conduct a manhunt.

(Continued on page 59)

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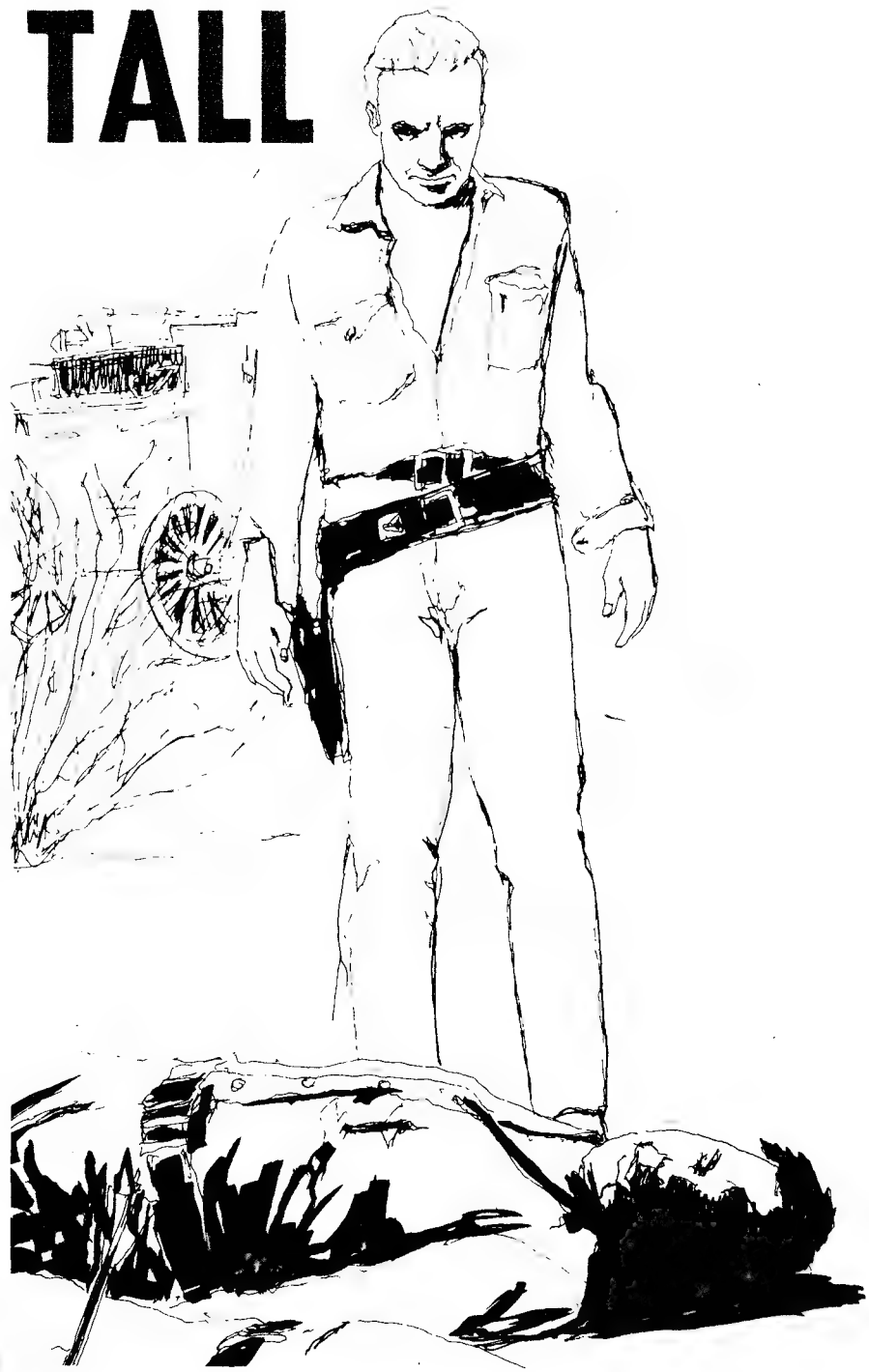
TEXAS TALL

BY JEFF JEFFERIS

A GIANT RABBIT AND A DISAPPEARING MAN: NOW ONLY THE SHERIFF COULD SOLVE BOTH OF THE STRANGE CASES. OR COULD HE?



VANDERGRIFT couldn't say he was glad to see Emile Schultz, but he was the wealthiest rancher around, and as a deputy U.S. marshal, Vandergrift felt it not only his duty but to his advantage to be solicitous toward him.

One reason he didn't fancy Schultz was physical attributes. If the man ever changed his clothes, Vandergrift had never noticed it. If Schultz ever took a bath, he didn't smell like it. An aura of stable came in with him as he plunked his huge carcass down. The chair nearly collapsed. He'd weigh in at two-eighty, anyhow, and stood inches over the marshal's six-foot-two, lean and youthful figure.

"Yessir, Mr. Schultz, what can I do for you?" The marshall said with resignation.

Schultz fixed him with his unpleasant stare. "I done lost five thousand dollars last week." He pushed back his hat and wiped his red face with the dirty bandanna draped at his bull neck.

"You believe you were cheated out of five thousand dollars?" asked Vandergrift in his official tone.

"Who said I was cheated?" Schultz glared at the marshal, as though insulted. "I'm too smart to be sharped, son, 'specially by a cussed Yankee. I'd kill any man tried it. This feller passin' through—see, I said Texas has the biggest jackrabbits on earth, and—well, this bluebelly said he'd show me a bigger one from elsewhere. And he sure did."

Before Vandergrift could get details, Schultz went on, "You savvy George Yancey, one of my best riders. He ain't come home."

Vandergrift almost snorted in disgust. It was typical of Schultz to worry about his money before his men. "Maybe he met up with some dolly and forgot where he lives," the marshall suggested.

Schultz stroked his whiskered chin with a large, unwashed paw. His body odor permeated the whole place. "Thought of that. Yancey does cotton to do-si-do girls. But his horse wandered in last night. Dried blood on the saddle. Rein up, meant Yancey must've been shot off. See, it's slack time, so Yancey went to Graham on a spree. I sent Horsefoot O'Brien lookin' for him, but no luck. Bartender at the Bigtree Saloon in Graham said he'd seen Yancey, but three or four days back."

Vandergrift mulled it over. "Maybe I better ride up that way lookin' for him!"

"Yeah," Schultz agree. "And if you run into that Yank with the rabbit, you might take a look at it. Biggest thing I ever saw. That Yank, handle was Billings, put up his cash, I put up mine, and then he showed me his jackrabbit. Tall as some folks I've met."

The marshall was used to Texas exaggeration, but this was going too far. However, it wouldn't do to call Schultz a liar. "I just got back from deliverin' a prisoner to Huntsville, so I missed it."

He'd often wondered how Schultz had got so wealthy, for the rancher was stupid, save when it came to cattle. Luck, maybe. He'd come into the country long ago and no doubt had

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been handy with a running iron and never been caught. Natural increase had swollen his herds, while land, once so cheap, had risen in price along with beef.

Vandergrift suspected that Schultz would kill a man without thinking twice. Rumor had it that in earlier days, he had done in more than one rival and enemy, though it had never been proved.

"This man's name was Billings?"

"Yeah, drifter, lives in a wagon. so does that cussed giant rabbit of his'n. He's got the wagon divvied in two parts, one for himself, other for the jack. Last I heard, he'd gone on north."

After a few more words, Schultz left. Vandergrift went outside for a breath of untainted air, warm as it was. A glance was enough to encompass tiny Moundsville. A store, a blacksmith's, a few unpainted shacks, and only one saloon, which relegated it to the bottom of any right-thinking man's list. It was too far off the Trail to attract drovers pushing herds to Kansas railheads, though on occasion longhorns would stampede through, followed by red-faced, cursing waddies trying to swing them back on course.

Why the U.S. Marshal's office had been established here, instead of in the larger, more thriving Graham, a drovers supply town, was a mystery. But Vandergrift had long ceased to ponder such bureaucratic whims. Like the weather, nobody could guess what Washington might do.

He went back inside for his hat, carbine and bedroll. He strapped on his cartridge belt, Frontier Colt with smooth walnut stock in an oiled open holster, and strolled to the livery. His grulla, a mouse-gray gelding with a black stripe down the spine, whinnied and came to the gate.

Vandergrift picked his saddle off the rack inside. "Back when I'm back, Marty," he sang out to the blacksmith, who waved.

The road to Graham was rutted, and red dust rose as the horse picked up the pace. Vandergrift was trained not to miss anything much; he kept glancing right and left. He wondered about that giant jackrabbit. When he thought of Schultz losing $5000 to some Yankee, he chuckled.

He was about five miles from Graham when his keen eyes spied the black shapes in the shimmering sky. Buzzards. Could be a dead cow or other critter. Or—he turned the grulla off. A quarter mile from the road was a stand of post oaks, broken by chaparral clumps.

Watching for sign, he cut the tracks of a four-wheeled wagon which had come by a couple of days before. He got down to study this. Iron-tired, drawn by two mules.

Sifting dust had almost obliterated

the boot-heel impressions but he could follow them into the bush.

What the scavengers had left of George Yancey lay in a shallow grave which had been scooped out and covered with rocks. But the coyotes had managed to move off the stones after the body had been there a couple of days.

It was simple to follow the wagon tracks as they angled northwest to the road. The killer was headed north.

The sun was low to his left as he reached the outskirts of Graham, last supply point south of Doan's Crossing on the Red River. Beyond the Red lay Indian Territory, and finally Kansas.

The wagon had turned off. Vandergrift found a grove around a muddy pool, a campground. The wagon had been here for a day or two; there were empty bean and sardine cans, remains of a fire, a pile of straw and hay with droppings he could not identify. Nobody here now. The wagon had gone on north.

Vandergrift followed the trail all day and well into the night. He halted by a small creek which fed into the Red, drove his stakepin so the grulla could reach water and graze along the bank. He ate trail rations and threw his roll under a live oak.

He dozed a few hours, went on in moonlight.

At dawn, he scented wood smoke. He got down, dropped rein, and walked toward the wagon, drawn up under some trees. Two large mules were tethered nearby, and a big man squatted by his breakfast fire. Vandergrift stole up behind him with scarcely a sound.

"Billings!" he said sharply.

The man jumped violently, rising, turning. The alarm in his eyes told the marshal he had his killer. He studied Billings, who was about forty, stalwart, maybe two hundred pounds, with crisp fair hair. He needed a shave. His blue eyes darted this way and that. "Who—who're you?"

"Federal Marshal Vandergrift." He indicated the badge on his shirt. "I want to ask you a few questions about George Yancey."

Billings seemed to wilt. He gulped, watery eyes blinking. Vandergrift glanced in the back of the wagon, which was divided down its center by wire mesh, as Emile Schultz had said. There was hay and straw on one side, a man's bedroll and belongings on the other.

Suddenly it was Vandergrift's turn to be startled. Something hopped around the far side of the wagon. The marshal was stunned; for a moment, he thought Schultz hadn't exaggerated after all!

"Why—it's a kangaroo!" Vandergrift had never seen one before but he had seen a picture of one in a school book.

"Sure, that's Tillie," said Billings proudly.

The big animal hopped to Billings, nuzzling him; it was plain she loved him. She stood, stooped, with short forelegs up, resting on her thick tail and long hind legs.

The marshall regained his composure.

"You shot Yancey. Why?"

Billings hesitated. "See, I used to be a pro boxer, but I'm too old now. I bought Tillie and we give shows, she's a boxing kangaroo. Like a fool, I went down into Texas; didn't like it or the folks there, so I swung north again. Moundsville was too small to give a show in, but I camped nearby and went in for a few at the saloon. This Schultz was boastin' how everything in Texas is bigger 'n better than anything any place else. Guess I was drunk; just for a joke, maybe, I bet him $5000 we had bigger jackrabbits where I come from. Led him to the wagon and turned my bull's-eye in on Tillie, and he sure was shook up!

"He paid right off. I'm a fool at stud, and dropped most of it later that night. They kept tellin' me what a tough cuss this Schultz is. I got worried and took off. Stopped outside Graham, meant to give a show there. Then this Yancey came along. He took the bait too, but when he lost. . .Well, I guess he was a little drunk, had been celebrating a little too much. He threatened to make Tillie dance and then kill her. He pulled his sixgun and. . .well, I panicked, grabbed my rifle and shot him. Loaded him in the wagon and buried him in the monte." The little man looked worried. "What. . .what's gonna happen to me marshall?"

"You'll have to answer for the killin' mister."

"You take me back and Schultz'll find out how I beat him and he'll shoot me for sure!"

The marshall grinned. "No I'll see that he don't hurt you. 'Sides if Yancey pulled a gun first you'll get off. And a lot of folks out here will be glad to hear how you hornswoggled Schultz. Why man, you and your kangaroo'll wind up heroes! Half the state of Texas will pay to see the 'rabbit' that got Schultz!"

Billings' eyes widened. "You really think so?"

"*Think* so?" The marshall laughed. "Hell, Billings I *know* so."

And the marshall was proven right.

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ROBBERY OF THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS

(Continued from page 18)

right boot. Donning his jacket which she returned, Smith plunged back into the storm.

On entering the house the girl related her experience. Puzzled, she told of the leg iron.

The next morning after the storm blew out several riders appeared searching for the stolen horse, which they first believed might have broken loose.

Continuing on they soon picked up the horse's tracks, following them into Texas. At the first county seat officers were appealed to. A larger party took out after Smith, overhauled and arrested him.

O'Neill went to Texas and brought him to Prescott, where he joined the others.

The express company and the railroad offered a chance at reduced sentences if the cowboys would tell them where the loot was buried. Smilingly, they denied having any.

At the end of four years the two companies had Smith pardoned out of the pen. Detectives were put to watching him but all he did was go to southern Arizona and start cowboying again.

Havrick was next to be released. He stayed clear of northern Arizona, locating himself near Los Angeles, dying there in 1927.

All attempts to find the money by following those two failed so Halford was turned loose in 1895. Going to El Paso, Texas he died there from consumption contracted in prison.

Starin remained the companies' last hope, so he was pardoned in 1897. Going to Prescott from Yuma, he got a job punching cattle. There he became friends with O'Neill, who was no longer sheriff.

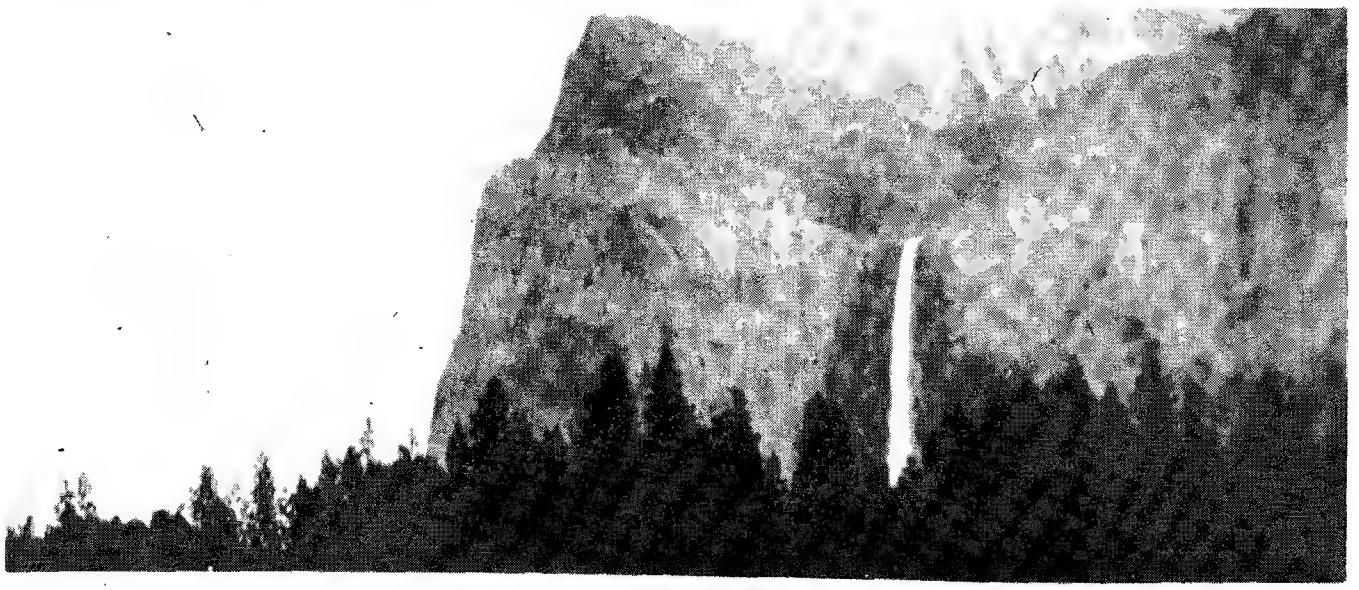
When the Spanish American war broke out O'Neill was commissioned a captain of rough riders and enlisted a company. Starin, under his right name, joined up. Both were killed by sniper's bullets on San Juan Hill in Cuba.

Havrick told William Sparks, an Arizona Territorial Ranger, all about the robbery and their capture. He said the gang got only $7,000. When his confession was published, old timers in northern Arizona laughed loud and long.

Smith told Joe Lee, his first cousin at Tuba City, Arizona that each cowboy buried his share of the loot in a mail sack in a place known only to himself. This is exactly what the old timers living in the area always believed.

Only one outlaw apparently returned to dig up his share. By 1904 Smith concluded that he was no longer being watched. He was then married and he left his wife, to be gone thirty days. On his return he bought a large ranch and added three hundred young heifers to the breeding stock.

People who knew him declared that he could not have had enough money saved from wages to buy ten acres of range, let alone the big outfit and the young heifers. If it was his share of the Canyon Diablo loot, he was the only one known to profit from the affair.



The beautiful valley of Yosemite holds many secrets, and once was a source of wealth for Major Savage. Tourists now hike in its rugged terrain.

MAJOR SAVAGE'S BARRELS OF GOLD

(Continued from page 8)

drinks at the counter in back of the store.

The owner, having no customers, leaned on the short counter, talking in a friendly way.

When he got a chance Korrer remarked, "I saw three men digging in the flat below town like busy beavers."

"Oh, them? They came here very secretive about a map. Claimed they could go right to where old Major Savage's barrels of gold were buried. Tried the lower creek first, then came up. They're still here hunting!

"Shucks, mister, both sides of the creek have been dug up all the way down to the river by men looking for them barrels. Some old timers claim his trading post was in a dozen different spots. I'm beginning to believe he never buried no gold. Just a wild tale."

"That I would buy," Korrer agreed solemnly.

Winter was coming on again when Korrer reached Sonora. He decided to quit prospecting and went south into the San Joaquin Valley. There he invested in a large fruit ranch and began raising dairy cattle. During the course of time he married and raised a large family.

He often talked wistfully of Savage's barrels of gold but never expressed any desire to hunt for them again.

Theories have been expressed that the treasure might be near Oakhurst, or maybe buried at Savage's Fresno post. Korrer believes all the evidence points to Big Oak Flat, where he found the one small keg. Many men have searched, and some have died, but the treasure has never been found. Somewhere in Northern California, it lies still buried.

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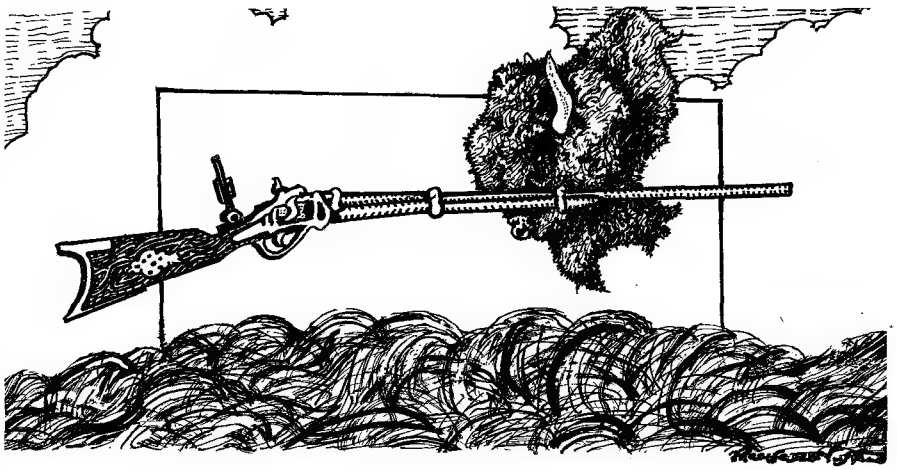
GUNS OF THE PIONEERS

(Continued from page 26)



Percussion pistols and revolvers were used in the Indian campaigns between the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Civil War.

The martial percussion pistols were made in the United States gun armories at Harpers Ferry and Springfield. In addition several firms turned them out for the government, as before. Among the better makers were C. B. Allen, Springfield, Mass.; Henry Ashton, Middleton, Conn.; William Glaze and Company, Columbia, S. C., operating the Palmetto factory; N. P. Ames, Springfield, and Henry Deringer, Philadelphia. Their models were dated 1837, 1842, 1843 and 1855.

The first of the 1842 models were .54-caliber, round smooth bore barrels eight and a half inches long, fourteen inches overall and weighed two pounds, twelve ounces. At the Palmetto factory the breech of these pistols were stamped with a palmetto tree and on the lock plate 'Columbia, S. C.' with the date. On the barrel was stamped 'Wm. Glaze & Co.'

The 1843 models were all made by Deringer at Philadelphia, and N. P. Ames, Springfield. The latter marked his pistols 'USR' for the United States Mounted Rifles. They were used by Mounted Rifles in the far southwest in 1858-1859. This pistol was smooth bore, round barrel of .54-caliber, six inches long and eleven and a half inches overall.

At this point appeared the U. S. Pistol Carbines, manufactured at Harpers Ferry and Springfield armories. Of .58-caliber, they were fitted with twelve inch round and rifled barrels, eighteen inches overall.

The stock was eleven and a half inches long. When it was mounted the total length of the carbine was about twenty-six and a half inches.

The cutlass or dagger pistol seems to have been made in several countries simultaneously. That produced by C. B. Allen, Springfield, was the Elgin Cutlass Pistol. A .54-caliber with a five inch smooth bore octagonal barrel, it had a knife or cutlass blade, eleven and a half inches long and two and a half inches wide. The blade was fastened below the trigger guard under the barrel.

Pistol is frequently applied to all types of handguns. However, the true revolvers were first made by Samuel Colt at Paterson, New Jersey. They began with five revolving chambers. All components were interchangeable with the parts of the same model and caliber.

After many vicissitudes Colt began to sell in quantity. His manufacturing methods set a standard that is still followed. The Colt percussion revolvers manufactured at Paterson were pocket pistols, mostly of .28, .31 and .34-calibers. His belt revolvers were usually .31 or .34-caliber.

Texas Ranger Sam Walker took the crude sketch of a revolver to Samuel Colt in New York at the time he was bankrupt. Walker had orders from the Republic of Texas to buy as many as he could if Colt could make the type. It was intended for use by riders on the frontier. Colt decided that he could, and thus was the Walker Colt five-shooter born.

A year later 359 of the Walker Colts were delivered to Galveston, Texas, with an extra cylinder ready to slip in place when the first was exhausted. But the Rangers did not receive them. Instead the then president of the new republic turned them over to the Texas navy until 1843, when they were finally issued to the Rangers.

The model 1847 Colt Army Revolver, Colt-Walker Model 1847, Whitneyville Walker and Walker Revolver, were made in a factory at Whitneyville, Connecticut, on contract for Colt. They were .44-caliber, six-shot, single action, nine inch round barrels with an overall length of fifteen and a half inches and weighed four pounds, nine pounces.

With the Colt Army Model 1848, all Colt revolvers thereafter, percussion and cartridges, were produced in the company's factory at Hartford. These models were also known as Improved Holster Pistol, Old Model Army Pistol, Model 1848 Holster Pistol, the Dragoon Colt and a dozen other names.

The Dragoon Colt, the most improved Colt to that date was .44-caliber, six-shot, single action, a seven and a half inch round barrel, a total length of fourteen inches. It weighed four pounds, one ounce.

There followed the 1849 and 1850 models but they were for civilian use, not for the troops or the Navy.

What became known as the Colt Model 1851 Navy Revolver was a martial weapon of .36-caliber, six shot, single action, seven and a half inch octagon barrel with a total length of thirteen inches and weighed two pounds, ten ounces.

Colt then made several varieties and types of pocket revolvers before the Colt Model 1860. Of .44-caliber, six-shot, single action, eight inch round barrel, overall length fourteen inches, it weighed two pounds, eleven ounces.

This was the beginning of the sixgun made famous on the Western frontier. But there was a necessary period of transition from percussion to complete cartridges. Percussion handguns were converted to fire the complete cartridge. Some alterations were made in the factory. Others were accomplished at government armories and private gunsmiths.

In addition to Colt other manufacturers of handguns used during the Civil War were companies like Allen and Wheelock, Josylin, Pettingill, Remington, Rogers and Spencer, Savage, Starr, and Whitney—to mention only a few.

Handguns were manufactured by other firms throughout the North from Louisville to Boston. In the South their manufacture extended from Texas to South Carolina. The Texas manufacturers included Tucker, Sherrod and Company, Lancaster, and the Anderson Company.

In the deep South was William Glaze and Company already mentioned, and Griswold and Grier, Griswoldville, S. C.; T. W. Cofer, Portsmouth, Va., and Rigdon, Ansley and Company, Augusta, Georgia.

Before the Revolutionary War paper cartridges were being used to some extent. Thereafter they developed rapidly and did away with the slowness of loading the barrel with powder and ball.

The final cartridges before the metallic types were only slightly changed around 1845. There were ball, buck-and-ball, and buckshot cartridges. More than one ball was separated by a

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tied string. Instead of being twisted, the lower end of the paper cylinder was folded in.

Regardless of materials, the paper cylinder containing the firing charge of conventional powder or guncotton was easier, safer and faster to handle.

One final step from this cartridge was to make the cover of metal and place the primer inside the case. The first was rim fire, a cap the diameter of the base end. Then followed the center primer. This complete cartridge case made it possible to develop repeating arms rapidly.

From the Civil War to the end of the century many manufacturers of pistols and ammunition were in a rapidly expanding field. Among the best known were Grant-Hammond, Harrington and Richardson, Hartford Arms and Equipment Company, Remington, Savage, Union Arms Company, and, of course the world's largest producer of sixguns, Samuel Colt.

A man whose weapons filled a unique niche in history was Henry Deringer, who died in 1868. He was such an expert gunsmith that even in his life time his weapons were imitated. The word 'Deringer' on a pistol vouched for its workmanship and reliability. Some of his copiers stamped their guns with two 'r's', Derringer. The Deringer name now identifies a host of later models as being a specific handgun.

Deringer began manufacturing flintlocks and percussion guns at Philadelphia in 1806. Having achieved a measure of fame by 1825, he concentrated heavily on handguns.

Boasting a distinctive style of it's own, the pocket Deringer came into being in 1849. Passing through periods of renovation, the barrel had seven clockwise rifles. It varied in length from a mere 27/32-inch to four. The pocket Deringer barrel extended from the tiny size to 3 3/4-inches overall.

While the little pistol packed a hard punch, the short barrels were only good for close quarters, six or seven feet. This was the Mississippi River boat cardshark and the western gamblers holdout gun. It was carried concealed, on some contrivance in the clothing or held by a rubber band inside the sleeve. Most famous of the Deringers was the barrel-over-barrel .41-caliber.

Many of the cap-and-ball metallic cartridge sixguns became famous under specific names on the western frontier, especially the .45-calibers. This was the peace officer, plainsman, cowboy and gamblers special handgun, the romantic sixgun of the far west.

The sixshooter can be said to be as much an American invention as the Kentucky rifle. It reached its greatest production and activity on this continent and they can still be found in the remotest corners of the world.

THE MURDERING FIEND

(Continued from page 54)

Patterson came up from Phoenix and took his daughter and her children home with him.

With Mulvenon's posse went two Yavapai Indian trackers. They soon discovered that the fugitive had headed northwest. It was feared that he would take a train somewhere along the distant railroad to oblivion.

Mojave County Sheriff Robert Stein left Kingman with a posse and three Hualapai Indian trackers, one of which was ex-army scout Jim Mahone. They cut an angling course, hoping it would cut off Dilda's escape. At least they might come onto his sign. The Hualapai trackers did just that because Dilda had got lost and changed his course. Mahone found where he turned back east towards Ashfork. Stein's posse was soon close on his heels. Running afoot ahead of the mounted posse, Mahone and the Hualapais approached some low wooded hills overlooking Ashfork on the railroad. Abruptly Mahone went to the ground, crawling forward to peer inside the brush. Dropping back, he signaled for the posse to come on.

Dilda was spotted fast asleep inside the brush. Dismounting, the posse caught the fugitive without firing a shot.

An hour later Mulvenon rode into Ashfork where Stein had taken the prisoner. On discovering that the other posse was ahead of him Mulvenon had quit the fugitive's trail and rode directly to the railroad town.

Taken to Prescott, Dilda was tried and convicted of Murphy's wanton murder. He was sentenced to hang February 5, 1886, and was duly executed on a tree in the courthouse yard.

And so finally ended one of Arizona's most inhuman and murderous careers, Dilda's thirty-two years spent in criminal and murderous pursuits.

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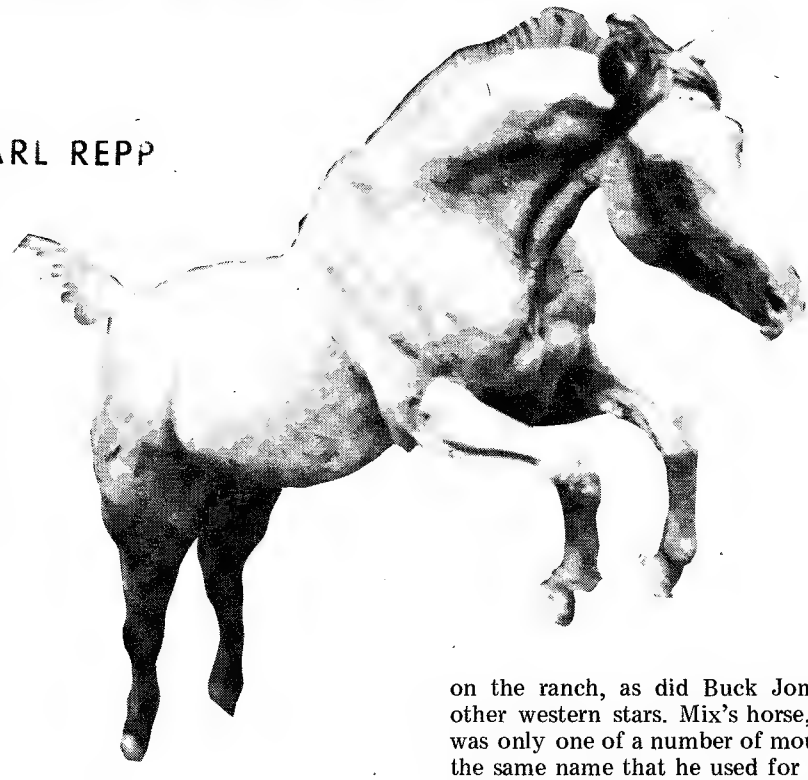
KILLER MUSTANGS

BY ED EARL REPP

FIERCE AND FREE THE WILD MUSTANG TYPIFIED THE OLD WEST, A CURSE AND BLESSING TO THE RANCHER AND TO THE SETTLER.



SAY "MUSTANG" to a native westerner and he immediately conjures up a magic image of the wild horse, the fuzztail or hammerhead in his vocabulary, a squealing, fighting bundle of equine fury totally dedicated to one thing only—freedom.

The courageous, mean, independent, wicked, clever little old fuzztail played his part in carving a vast empire out of an unexplored land as much, if not more, than man in frontier history.

Had man replied solely upon his two legs to carry him hither and yon, the west as we know it today may never have been won. Without the wild mustang the American Indian would never have achieved the regal stature that was his. Nor would the United States Cavalry have been a worthy entity defending the intrepid emigrant in his westward trek and settlement.

Just where did the American wild horse come from to begin with? Some scientists believe that the present day fuzztail sprang from a small three-toed horse of prehistoric times. The skeletal remains of Three-Toes have been found over a wide area with the prehistoric camel, the trilophodon, a four tusked mastadon, and the woolly mammoth from the Dakota Badlands to the blistering sands of Arizona.

There are those who maintain that the first horse on the American continent was brought by de Guzman, Cortez, Pizarro and other Spanish Conquistadores.

One thing is certain. The role played by the horse in American history was one of utmost importance. Domesticated horses such as used by the Conquistadores were mere pony-ring animals compared to the wild fuzztail.

Someone wrote that the American wild horse was docile, good-natured and friendly. Nothing is more remote from the truth. Trying to gentle a half-broken mustang almost cost the life of the writer's wife, Margaret. Only one of the hundred fuzzies shipped to my family's Sunset Ranch became the friend of anyone there.

Tom Mix filmed many of his movies on the ranch, as did Buck Jones and other western stars. Mix's horse, Tony, was only one of a number of mounts by the same name that he used for various scenes. One of them came from the mustang bunch, broken to saddle by Mix himself, to become a one-man horse. When handled by Mix, this Tony was gentle as a lamb; by anyone else he was dynamite on the hoof.

Most of the bucking broncs seen in rodeos come from the wild fuzztail bands of Oregon and Arizona. There they still range in bands that once numbered in the thousands. Today, due to the pet food industry, their numbers have shrunk to a mere fraction of their former size. Efforts have only recently been inaugurated to declare them off-limits to hunters and trappers to spare them from extinction. Special ranges are being planned for their protection. Already the mustang, as if realizing his days are numbered, has headed for the high country for safety, on his own initiative to challenge the mountain goat for fodder.

The wild mustang can be trapped, as every horse hunter knows. But it is also known that many a wrangler has been chopped to bits by a wild stallion's

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hooves and teeth for trespassing on his private range. A wild horse will attack a man as readily as flee from his scent. A man on foot hasn't a chance. The writer has been routed many times from the Sunset corrals. He has had the seat of his levis bitten out as he scrambled over the bars with a screaming, kill-crazy fuzzy doing his level best drag him down.

One star-lit night in 1925 a cougar slipped into a corral and quickly killed a mare and her foal. The commotion brought everyone from their bunks, grabbing what weapons were within reach. None were needed, however. A stallion leaped over a nearby corral fence and cornered the big cat measuring nine feet from tail tip to snout. When the fuzztail finished, there was scarcely enough of the cougar remaining to back up a bounty claim of $100 furnished by William S. Hart, the great silent days two-gun star, and neighbor.

As long as there were wild studs on the ranch, the women folk had to be extremely cautious. This statement may be challenged, but it is a fact that a menstruating woman was fair game for a mustang stallion to stomp her to death if he could reach her. On one occasion a stud escaped from the coral by leaping a seven foot pole fence. He made a beeline for Margaret's mother who was hanging out a wash in the ranch yard. She barely made it safely into the house with the stud creating havoc on the proch. He punched through the boards, breaking a leg, and had to be shot.

Farmers had a special hatred for wild horse bands. Stallions coaxed his mares away from home pastures. Once gone wild, they remained wild unless recaptured quickly. Big Red was an expert at luring domestic mares into his harem.

Big Red, with twenty five other of the mustangs, escaped from Sunset corrals and headed for Mount Gleason rising some six thousand feet above Acton. Heading for the tall timber he lured practically all of the local mares with him.

Sunset riders, however, were fortunate in being able to cut out the mares from the wild bunch. To prevent repetitions, uncontrollableBig Red was reluctantly shot. The balance of his band fled to the desert. They adopted a range along the Amaragossa River northeast of Majave.

The genuine, free-running mustang never saw a feedlot or suffered the indignity of confinement. A saddle and tight cinch were unknown to him. If he ever felt the burn of a loop around his neck it was purely accidental. He could dodge and twist like a sidewinder. Rowelling spurs made him insane. If he failed to dislodge a tormenting rider he would plunge headlong into a fence, a barn wall or anything available in a desperate and wild effort to free himself.

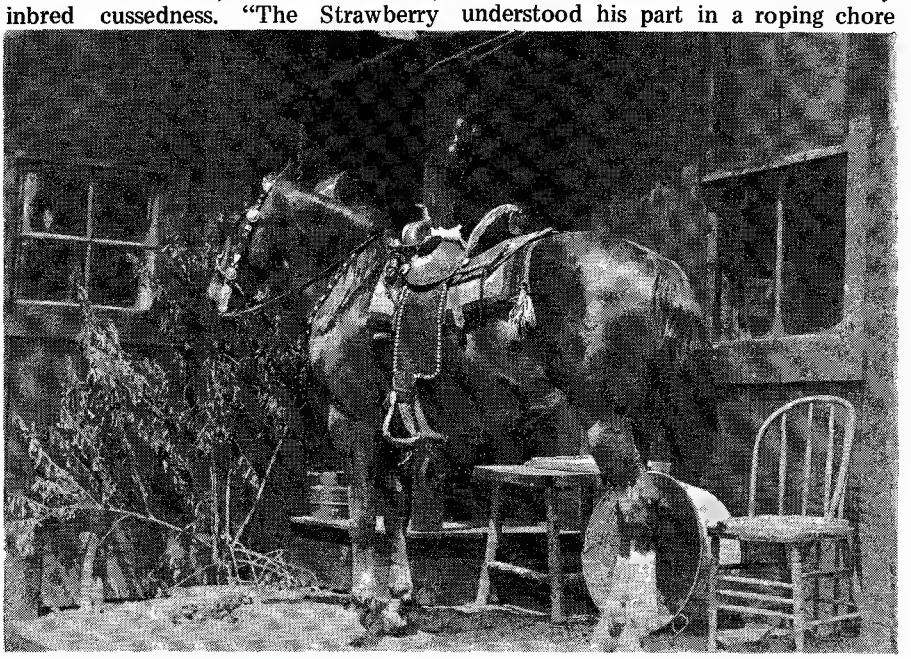
Broder (above) was one mustang who was never broken. Shown is the author's wife as she tried to ride Broder. Broder flipped over backward, nearly killing his rider.

The Sunset Ranch code was "it is better to be safe than sorry." Two bronc stompers worked each fuzztail in the breaking process. If a buckaroo was dumped, the back-up man had a loop on the horse and snubbed him down before the rider could be attacked. Except for Margaret and two other riders, serious injuries were scarce. The other riders suffered some broken ribs and a chunk of flesh bitten from the buttocks.

Mustangs vary in color and temperament. The true fuzztail is more likely to be a buckskin with a dark stripe running the length of his back. This characteristic marking along his spine is a sure sign of wild blood and, in most instances, inbred cussedness. "The Strawberry Roan" must have actually been a buckskin. He could whirl on a dime when catankerous, which was always. He could stand on his tail. He would toss his head far back and smash the face of an unwary rider, or reach back and bite off his knee cap.

From the ranch remuda the writer once chose a buckskin, called Bimbo, for his cavvy. It was a mistake. He would stand still through the chore of saddling, but when the rider placed a foot in the left stirrup he would explode in unbridled fury.

Bimbo came out of a wild string. He could outrun any horse taller and longer-legged than he was, but was best at the quarter mile. He instinctively understood his part in a roping chore



Rarely tamed, the proud mustang commanded absolute loyalty from his owner. One of the most famous mustangs of all time was Tony, Tom Mix's mount (above).

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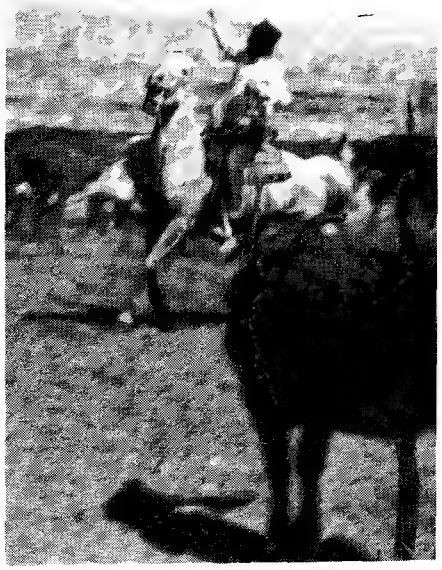
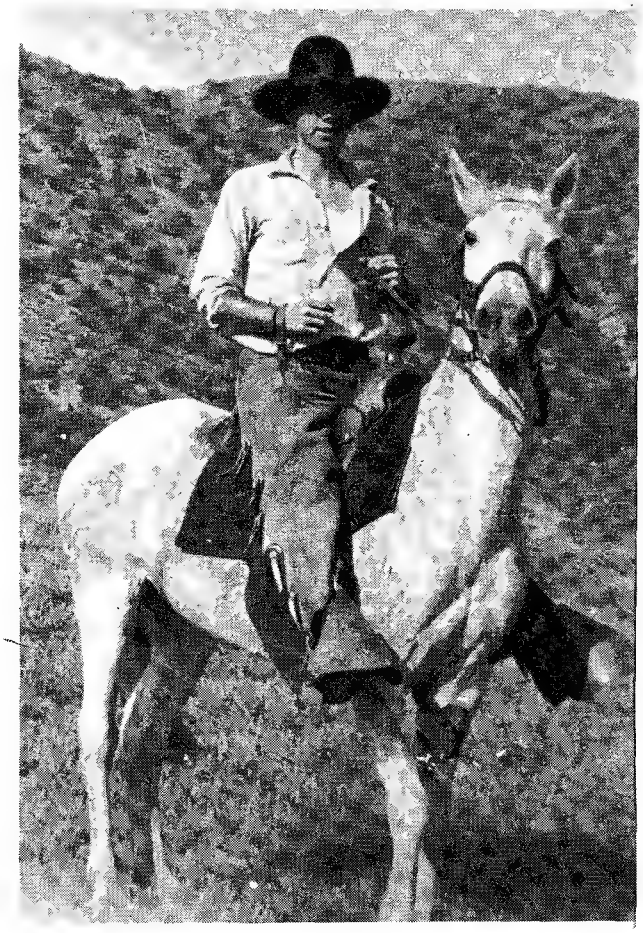


Swift and sure-footed, mustangs were used on virtually every ranch in the American West — when possible.

Smokey, shown with the author, in 1925, was one of the few mustangs broken to saddle. He never lost his spirit.



with the rider. It ended once the riata was tight. Then he lost all interest in staying put. Bimbo would take off like a tumble weed in a wild wind, leaving a swearing cowpoke and a broken lariat behind him.

Finally, Bimbo performed an equine dance on a ranch guest's anatomy and broke a nice series of human ribs. Something seemed to snap thereafter in his brain and he became a real outlaw. He went into the rodeo bucking string. He broke his neck in a fall during a Sunset Ranch Rodeo at the old Gilmore Stadium in Los Angeles in 1927.

Trappers and ranchers scarcely made a dent in the vast herds thundering far and wide over the west until soap and glue factories entered the market. Then wholesale slaughter became the order of the day. Horse-hunters banded together for the big kill until the bottom fell out of the market with the entry of vegetable oils and other ingredients.

Now the demand for horse meat to feed millions of pets has established an enormous industry. The wild mustang became a natural target for canned pet foods. So did the giant whales. However, laws have been established protecting the whale from extinction. Many horse lovers and enthusiasts look hopefully for laws to be enacted that will protect the animal that so gallantly helped win the west.

If laws are not forthcoming, and soon, they claim, the scrappy mustang as history knew him, will be a thing of the past along with the great buffalo herds and the sky-darkening flocks of the once countless passenger pigeons.

One of the few quiet times for a mustang — day's end at roundup time.

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TOO ORNERY TO DIE

by MATTHEW MINER

They were lightning fast killers and nothing stood in their way. Nothing but an old drunk's seemingly scattered wits.

BIG JACK CASWELL stormed out of his chair, flinging the butt of his cigar across the line-shack in a burst of violent anger. He was a thick-set man with coppery hair showing beneath a black slouch hat, but his hair was no match for his face right then, which was beet-red as he glowered at the two men in front of him.

"*Three* of you!" he bellowed. "I send three men out to do a kid's job, and what happens?"

"Easy, boss, easy!" Lynch shied backward as if ready to jump out of his skin. He was a narrow-shouldered, peak-faced man with a pointed chin and yellowish, bloodstained eyes. His partner, Clute Robart, was taller but older, having a bulldog jaw and a bald spot on the crown of his head. "It wasn't our fault!" Robard added hastily.

"It wasn't?" Big Jack yelled vehemently. "Well, whose was it, then? Dykler's? He got his fool head shot clean off while you two come packing back here with your tails between your legs. Why? I've half a mind to finish the job—" His hand arced toward the Colt .45 strapped to his thigh, sparks flashing from his eyes.

"Hold up there a minute!" Lynch yelped. "We done just as you told us to do, boss! It was bad luck, that's all, just plumb bad luck!"

"We was lucky to get away a-tall," Robart said, "what with the sheriff and half of Wheatfield after us. Everything was going fine there for awhile and then—" He sighed.

"And then *what?*" Big Jack snarled, letting his hand relax, but lidding his eyes with suspicion and fury.

"It was like this," Lynch began to explain, and for one of the few times in his life, he tried to stick to the truth. "We rode into town, and sure enough, there was a crowd collected around the depot, watching the gold being taken from the train to the office safe there. It was just like you heard about last week, after the transfer. Well, we waited until the ruckus had died down and the train had left, and then we walked into the depot office. That old soak, Potter was all by his lonesome."

"It was just like you figured," Robart said. "Nobody was thinking of trouble at a whistle stop like Wheatfield. Everybody had sort of drifted away. Even the express guard was down the street having breakfast with the sheriff. So we thought we had only the coot to contend with, and he wouldn't be no problem, but so help me, even after we had him covered with all three guns, he still had the sass to tell us to get out of his office."

"Old men get that way," Big Jack growled. "After working for twenty-five years tending the switches, he probably thinks he owns the railroad. Don't make any difference if they did retire him to ride herd on a desk, drunks like him can be mighty obstinate. You should've slugged him senseless the first thing."

"Well, Dykler was going to, soon as ol' Potter opened the safe. That's where the gold was, boss, all tucked in the safe. When he got uppity, Dykler went around the desk to hit him a couple of times and change his mind, and that's when it all went bad."

"We checked to make sure Potter didn't have a pistol or rifle, but he was completely unarmed. Told us he didn't believe in them things. Which was fine by us, but we didn't think anything of the rope."

"Rope? What rope?"

"That's what we're telling you about, boss. There was this rope hanging from the window ledge, right by his whiskey jug. Not more'n than a skinny piece of old string, it looked like, but he all of a sudden yanks on it, and I swear, he must've had five tons of empty tin cans up there of the roof. The rope was holding them somehow, and when he tugged it loose, they all fell off and made an awful racket."

"Home-made burglar alarm, it was," Lynch said ruefully. "You could've heard those blasted tins hitting the ground clear to the other side of town, I bet. Well, the guard and the sheriff sure did, because they were out of Ma McBain's and on the run before we knew what was happening. Ol' Potter was behind his desk and hiding by then, and there was no use fooling around no more, so we lit out fast as we could. Dykler, he was the last one out of the office, and got blown out of the saddle before we dusted Wheatfield's limits."

"Took us most of two hours to lose them in the hills," Robart added.

Big Jack Caswell lowered himself

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back into the chair and clamped his massive jaws around a fresh cigar.

"So the gold is still there," he said as he lit the cigar. "And it'll stay there until the train to Carmody comes through tomorrow morning."

Lynch nodded his head, wiping his face with his bandanna. "Sure, boss, right there in the safe."

"Good. Because you two are going back for another visit."

Robart licked his lips. "Hey, I dunno—"

"What? Are you telling me no, Clute? You suddenly afraid?"

Robart's features turned a sickly pallor. "Not me, boss. I was just wondering how we're going to do it, what with the sheriff and the guard on alert now, and Potter sleeping right in the office next to the safe the way he does."

"That's too bad," Big Jack said in a low, cold voice, "for Potter. The sheriff won't be no problem, not if you get him early, before he finishes his rounds of the saloons. Don't kill him, I don't want no trouble like that, but tie him up good and leave him someplace where he can't cause any disturbance later on. Then take the guard. He'll be outside the depot office more than likely."

"Still sounds pretty risky to me," Lynch said warily. "There's plenty of houses around there, and what if Potter pulls that rope of his or yells?"

"Well, you danged idiot, cut the rope!" And then Big Jack leaned back in his chair, resting his boots on the small table. "And what if he yells? What of it? That night freight still comes through around one in the morning, doesn't it? Time it right, you can have the guard out of the way and be inside the office doing whatever you got to do to Potter so he'll open the safe—and nobody will hear you as the train goes past. You could dynamite that safe apart, and it wouldn't make as much noise as the freight."

"Good idea, boss," Lynch agreed. "We might just take a couple of sticks along, in case we need it."

"And Lynch—"

"Yeah, boss?"

"When you're finished with Potter, kill him." Big Jack's face contorted with rage and frustration. "Put a shot through his head, the same way Dykler got it. I want him *dead!*"

"Sure, sure anything you say. . ."

Moonlight streamed through the grove of trees behind the small Wheatfield depot. Lynch and Robart kept to the shadows, silently cursing the lack of clouds as they slowly maneuvered around the building. The both wished that Big Jack was along with them, but they realized that it always worked better this way, with the boss setting up the alibi of a poker game in a neighboring town. They had never been recognized on a job before, but if they should be, Big Jack's preparations could make the difference between freedom and jail. And the sheriff had been easy, just as the boss had said; they'd waylaid the lawman behind the *Silver Buck*, and he was now unconscious, hogtied and gagged in the locked woodshed of his own office.

Now there was only the express guard to overcome, and the two crouching men could already hear the approaching thunder of the one o'clock freight. They'd just about completely circled the depot, looking for the guard and half afraid he was inside with ol' man Potter, though it made more sense for him to be patrolling outside. Suddenly Lynch tapped Robart on the shoulder, his voice the faintest whisper when he spoke: "There, there he is, Clute. Squatting down by the back porch."

Lynch and Robart were out of the bushes before the guard could react, and Lynch jammed the muzzle of his revolver against his spine, stiffening him from head to heel. The menacing voice that spoke to him in a low tone must have shivered him to the bone. "One word, and I'll pump lead. Drop the gun."

The guard swallowed thickly, releasing the shotgun. Then Robart lifted his revolver and gave a solid blow to the back of his neck. The guard went down in a crumpling heap. He didn't hear the long, low train whistle or Lynch speak again after the wail had died away. "Just in time, Clute. Here comes the freight, and we don't have the guard trussed up. Tell you what—you stay here with him, and I'll go in after the gold. That sotted old Potter will open up this time, even if he's drunk to the world!"

"Then what? You going to shoot him like the boss wants?"

Lynch grinned malevolently.

"Hell no," he said softly. "I'll use the dynamite to blow him and the depot up afterwards. In the commotion, we'll be sure to slip away." Holstering his pistol, the lean outlaw clutched two sticks of dynamite in his hand and scuttled for the back door. As he expected, the door was unlocked, for the guard would have wanted easy entry in case of trouble.

Lynch slipped inside the office like a weasel, his small form gliding through to where Potter's sagging cot was dimly outlined by moonlight filtering through dusty window panes. The roar of the train shuddered the framework of the office, almost sending Lynch off balance as he stepped closer to the huddled form he could barely see beneath the blanket. The charging steam engine and cars grew louder, rumbling and shattering the stillness. It was time. . .Lynch leaned over to grab the old man, and suddenly the back of his head exploded in vicious yellow light. A dull, hollow sound echoed through the small room, only to be swallowed by the surging noise of the passing freight. . .

Robart waited impatiently in the blackness of the trees, the guard's curled body at his feet. He sighed with relief as he heard boots thudding across the packed earth from the railway depot, faint and directionless over the retreating clatter of the train. The figure of his slender partner loomed out of the night beside him, and though he couldn't make out his features, Robart grinned and said, "You got the gold? Well, let's get out of here before the she-bang blows, I—"

And that was all he spoke, the rest for Robart being oblivion and silence. He sank to the ground beside the guard, smashed senseless by something which came swinging out of nowhere.

The guard became conscious as a pail of water was thrown in his face, drenching his clothes. He spluttered, sitting upright, and wincing as if he had a monumental hangover. He held his head in both hands and stared at the toothless face of Ebenezer Potter, who was grinning down at him with pail in one hand and whiskey jug in the other.

"Glad you're awake, sonny," Potter gummed. He was ungodly wrinkled, a red-nosed, red-eyed blister with ancient hair as white as Montana snow. "I'd offer you a drink, only we gotta find the sheriff soon as you're able, whatever them two did with him."

"But? But—" The guard struggled to his feet. "But I don't understand. Where are those two who hit me?"

"In my office, bound up tighter than a Christmas goose."

"But—but how'd you do it, Potter?"

The old drunkard laughed delightedly. "I may be past my prime a little, but I ain't given up my railroadin'! No siree-bob, I haven't! No matter my condition, minute I hear a whistle, I'm ready for the train, reaching for the switch. Only tonight, when I heard them outside the door, I didn't reach for no switch." His deeply sunk, beady little eyes glittered in the dark as he held up the whiskey by its handle. "Nope, I reached for my handy ole likker jug instead!"

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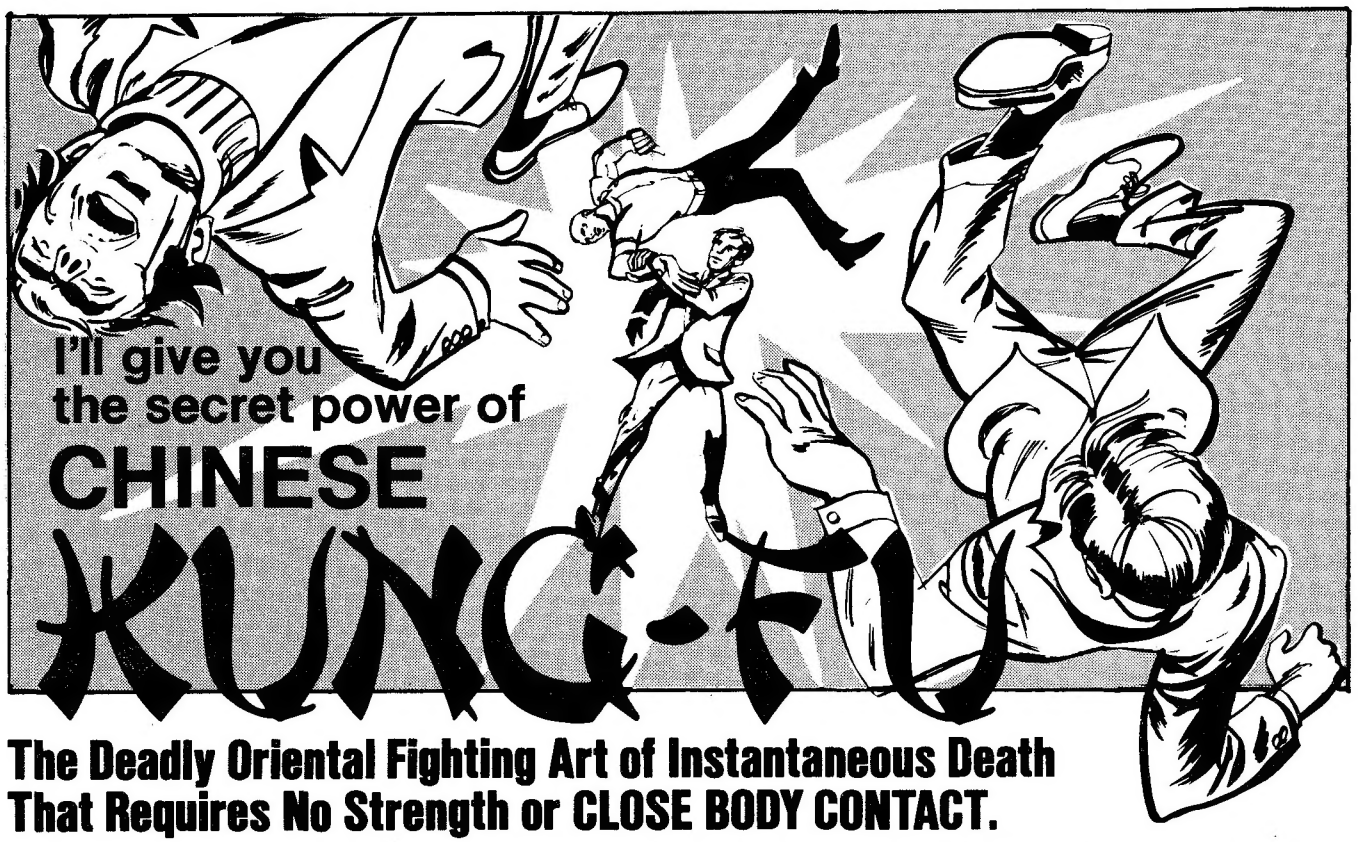

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KUNG FU is based on a simple yet lethally effective principle. *It is not necessary to physically match strength with your opponent in order to overcome his attack.* You harness the enormous natural power of your own movements. KUNG FU shows you how to take advantage of these fundamental laws of natural movement. Your rhythm is added to the very movement against you... so that **all forces are added together and unleased against your opponent.** This is KUNG FU—a force so simple yet so devastating that its techniques have stunned the world.

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KUNG FU is better than all other forms of self defense! Its secret lies in its simplicity and in its ability to overcome an attacker WITHOUT INTRICATE BODY CONTACT. Now, if you can read or look at pictures then you should be able to master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique. YOU CAN WIN... EVEN IF YOUR OPPONENT IS BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU. You can win if your attacker surprises you. And more—KUNG FU **means** deadly, often crippling self defense where **every part of your body is a fearful weapon.** Your feet, your hands, your elbows, your fingers become lethal weapons WITHOUT REQUIRING SUPER MUSCLE-POWER OR BRUTE FORCE. And you can do all this without years of training, special exercises, and especially hundreds of dollars in cost.

WHAT KUNG FU WILL MEAN TO YOU

With so many crimes of violence about us you could be in danger—anytime—of being hurt or worse humiliated! BUT NOW YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. **You can protect yourself, your family and your property with deadly efficiency in mere seconds.** Yes, and you can do it without years of training, hundreds of dollars in cost, and without long, painful practice. Regardless of size, strength or build you can beat the bullies and better the odds. Thanks to KUNG FU you need never be afraid again. You too can learn to overcome the fear of being shamed. You too can be the one that gives the beating! You too can control threatening, dangerous situations.

WHY KUNG FU MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

Why??? **Because KUNG FU is as deadly as it is simple.** And it works for anyone.* Other forms of self defense like Judo or Karate require something special such as strength, speed, etc.... to say nothing of endless practice. A judo Black Belt Master, for example, must practice technique after technique... and take years to master it all. NOT SO WITH KUNG FU! **It's based on an entirely different concept.** Technique and form aren't very important. DEFENSE IS! KUNG FU is designed to help you defend yourself in most situations* with *an absolute minimum in effort and a maximum in protection.*

COMPLETE COURSE REVEALED NOTHING ELSE TO LEARN

The SECRETS OF KUNG FU are fully revealed in one amazing "how to" book. The course comes complete and there's nothing else to learn or buy. You find all the secrets, principles and techniques simple to master and easy to apply. You don't need any special apparatus or practice dummies. And once you master the SECRETS OF KUNG FU you can forget about other systems and other methods. Now, in the privacy of your home, you can learn the deadliest fighting secrets of all time *at your very own pace!* In just minutes you can find out how to deliver a crippling blow that leaves your opponent powerless and more... in seconds you can learn how to destroy your attacker's ability to fight... and much, much more. The fully revealed SECRETS OF KUNG FU, are so sensational that we make you this surprising UNCONDITIONAL 3 WAY GUARANTEE. You must be satisfied not just one way but fully 3 different ways or it costs you nothing.

*We do not claim that physically handicapped or other disadvantaged persons can perform these feats. Nor are these techniques claimed to be effective against anyone armed with a loaded gun.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
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We're so sure that SECRETS OF KUNG FU is everything you'll ever want or need we make this unprecedented 3-Way Guarantee: (1) You must be absolutely and completely satisfied with the SECRETS OF KUNG FU and (2) KUNG FU must never fail you, in fact, KUNG FU must help you turn every threatening "confrontation" into victory, and (3) KUNG FU must give you a sense of confidence and assurance you've never had before. Yes, SECRETS OF KUNG FU must do all this and more or return **at any time** for a refund of your purchase price with no questions asked. You are the sole judge... could anything be fairer?

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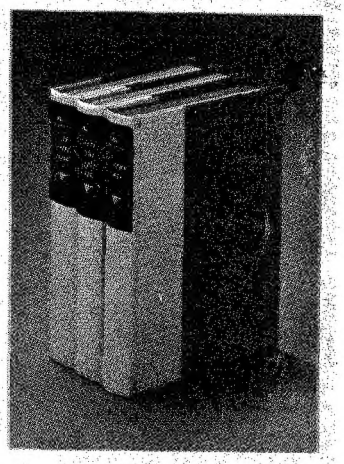

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